

John Dick 25 Wellington St. London

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 55.—Vol. II.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1862.

ONE PENNY.



THE DREADFUL RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR EDINBURGH. LOSS OF SEVENTEEN LIVES. (See page 34.)

Notes of the Week.

An inquiry was held by Mr. H. Raffles Walthew, the deputy coroner, at the Lord Liverpool Tavern, Mile-end, on Saturday, respecting the death of Richard Thompson, aged fifty, who expired suddenly on the previous Wednesday owing to the excitement consequent on the intended marriage of his daughter. Miss Eliza Thompson said that her marriage was fixed to take place on the morning in question, and that when she had attired herself in her wedding dress she went into the parlour to show herself to her father. He seemed to become at once greatly excited, and almost immediately fell on the floor. She screamed for help, and Mr. Church, to whom she was about to be married, ran in and lifted him on to a chair, and Dr. Taunton was sent for. Witness immediately put off the marriage, as her father appeared in a dying state, and he died in four hours. Mr. D. Church gave similar evidence. Dr. Taunton said deceased died from effusion on the brain, produced no doubt by excitement, consequent on seeing his daughter in her bridal dress, as described. The coroner said that the circumstances of the death of the deceased were peculiarly affecting. He had lately presided on a somewhat similar but more painful case at Tottenham, in which the parent of the bride hanged himself in a moment of insanity, brought about by the excitement on the evening before the marriage. The daughter, however, did not display the good feeling evinced by the parties in the present case; for that marriage was proceeded with, and the daughter, at the request of the jury, was obliged to attend, attired as she was in her wedding dress, to give evidence as to the cause of her father's death. The jury returned a verdict, "That Richard Thompson died from apoplexy from excitement."

An inquest was held on Saturday afternoon at Windsor, by Mr. T. W. Marlin, the coroner for the borough, on the body of Mr. George Golding, aged thirty-five, one of the royal servants, who died in an awfully sudden manner that morning whilst about to proceed from Windsor Castle to the Isle of Wight, to await the arrival of her Majesty at Osborne. The deceased was about starting by the train, but previously to doing so had occasion to return to the Castle for something he had left behind, and had reached the range of buildings occupied by the Military Knights of Windsor when he was observed to fall to the ground as if in a fit. Assistance was immediately procured, but it was found that life was extinct. The deceased, it appeared from the medical evidence, had for a considerable time past been suffering from disease of the heart, and there was little doubt that death had resulted from a sudden rupture of one of the principal blood-vessels in the region of the heart. The jury at once returned a verdict in accordance with the evidence of the medical witnesses.

During the storm which raged with such fury off the South Coast on Saturday morning, a small mercantile vessel was wrecked on the Woolmers, a dangerous shoal at the mouth of Langston Harbour, at the eastern side of Portsmouth. The vessel was laden with stone, and bound to Titchfield. She was owned by Mr. Mills, of Fratton, and the captain's name was Kennish. It appears that she drifted on the shoals, and parted amidships, her masts and rigging appearing just above water. The crew clung to the mast and rigging, in which perilous situation they remained from nine in the morning until after two o'clock in the afternoon. The Coast-guard boat, well manned, put off, but was obliged to return, so furious were the waves. One poor fellow dropped from the mast in a pitiable condition, and would have been drowned had it not been for the courageous conduct of three Haying Island boatmen, who, at the imminent peril of their own lives, rescued the captain and crew, whom they landed safely on shore.

At a late hour on Friday night week a very shocking accident happened at Preston, to a goods' guard, who resided at Carlisle. The name of Edward Raiton. He came to Preston in the afternoon with a train, and at night was preparing to return, by shunting a number of waggons, &c. The waggons were on an outside line, near the railway station, and whilst he was descending from two waggons which he had been uncoupling, an empty engine came up on the main line. The buffer lamp of the engine caught the poor fellow's head, and he was dragged in front of it about 150 yards. The driver did not perceive the man, as it was dark at the time, and the engine ran at full speed towards the station. Raiton's mangled remains were found by a pointsman shortly afterwards. On Saturday afternoon an inquest was held over the body. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death." Deceased, who was a married man, and had one child, was conveyed to Carlisle at night.

On Saturday a meeting was held at the corner of Oldfield-road, Chapel-street, Salford. A lorry was provided for the speakers. Thomas Davies, a cotton spinner, was called to the chair. James Luxbury proposed the following resolution:—"That this meeting petition the guardians of the Salford Union to abolish the system of relief by ticket, and to give all money instead, so that the recipients may deal with the shopkeepers with whom they have been in the habit of dealing, and to whom many of them owe money." Michael Kelly seconded the resolution. Thomas Evans said he came to assist the people of Salford in obtaining their rights, and he was sorry to hear that the men who had called the meeting were now afraid to get on the platform lest they should lose their piddling. (Laughter.) The system of relieving by ticket was unjust, not only to the operatives but to the ratepayers. If he was a shopkeeper he knew he should consider it very hard if the people who had been in the habit of dealing with him, and to whom he had given credit in their difficulties, were compelled to go to a rival shopkeeper to obtain goods for which he in part paid. It was a system of monopoly which ought not to be tolerated. (Applause.) He counselled the working men to form relief committees of their own, and to send men over the country to solicit subscriptions, which he had no doubt would be obtained in abundance. They could then give relief generously, and not board up a large amount of money, while the people were starving, as the central relief committee were doing. (Applause.) For upwards of an hour he enlarged upon the evils of the "unproductive labour test," and the "miserly" conduct of the guardians and the central relief committee. The resolution was then adopted unanimously. A memorial embodying the substance of the resolution having been adopted, the meeting separated. The proceedings were quiet and orderly throughout.

On Sunday morning, as the ten o'clock fast train on the North Kent line was nearing Erith Station on the way to Strood, the engine-driver saw a boy, of about twelve or thirteen years of age, being pursued by a bull from the adjoining marshes. The boy got on the line, calculating that the animal would not venture on the metals. He judged wrongly, however, for the animal dashed over the fence, and had just reached the down metals, when the noise of the whistle caused it to hesitate for a moment and incline its head towards the engine, and, at the instant, it was struck on the right shoulder by the rear buffer, and the guard-iron in front having entered the body, tore it up in a manner that death must have been instantaneous. The engine passed on uninjured, and the boy had been fortunately delivered from his danger.

As a awful instance of the uncertainty of human life occurred at Hyson-green, Notts, a few days ago. A lady, named Mrs. Phoebe Fletcher died suddenly in a chapel. On the evening in question the deceased went to the Methodist Chapel in company with a friend, and on the way she conversed very cheerfully. When they had been in the chapel about an hour deceased was taken suddenly ill. She had only strength to say, "I've got one of my suffocating bouts," and died shortly afterwards, although every possible means were used to restore her to animation. An inquest was held upon the body, and the jury returned a verdict of "Died from disease of the heart."

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

A Paris letter contains the following on the recent departure of M. Thouvenel from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and the return of M. Drouyn de L'Huys:—

"That he may give Italy and France an inkling of his intentions, the Emperor has employed M. Drouyn de L'Huys to do that work which M. Thouvenel has declared too dirty for his fingers. M. Drouyn de L'Huys will enter upon his task *con amore*, for he it was who inaugurated this same policy in 1849. He was the President's first Minister of Foreign Affairs. He was minister in 1849, when the Emperor first sent his soldiers to Rome, when Garibaldi kept Marshal Oudinot and the flower of the French army so many weeks without those Roman walls, which have been crumbling since Belisarius built them. Let there be no misapprehension, no misinterpretation of the events which have been so confidently predicted to you, in spite of the aspirations of the over sanguine Liberal party here. Driven into a corner, without the means of avoiding an explanation of his intentions, the Emperor draws the sword for Pio Nono, and throws away the scabbard. M. Thouvenel's honourable determination to discontinue a continuance of deceit and tergiversation will cause the retirement of the two diplomats who have seconded his efforts on behalf of Italy. The Marquis de Lavalette will not return to Rome, and M. Benedetti will leave his post at Turin, never to return as the representative of the Emperor's policy. The Prince of Latour d'Auvergne has already been appointed to succeed M. de Lavalette at Rome, and to undertake the honourable office of protecting Pio Nono against his subjects, and Francis II in organizing the bands of brigands who desolate the fair regions over which he was called to reign by that divine right which his subjects declined to recognise."

The *Moniteur* publishes the following letter from the Emperor to M. Thouvenel:—

"My dear M. Thouvenel,—In the interest of the same policy of conciliation that you have so loyally forwarded, I have judged necessary to replace you in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; but I am bound to say that my esteem and confidence in you are in no way impaired. I am persuaded, that in any position you may occupy, I shall be able to count upon your intelligence and attachment. I pray you to believe in my sincere friendship."

(Signed) "NAPOLEON."

The same journal also announces the following appointments:—"M. de Latour d'Auvergne as French ambassador to Rome. As ministers plenipotentiary have been appointed—M. Talleyrand Prigord, to Prussia, M. Sartiges, to Italy, M. Baudin, to the Netherlands, and M. Fournier, to Sweden."

ITALY.

The *Moniteur* of Genoa, in publishing a letter of Garibaldi in answer to some Nizzard exiles, his countrymen, takes the opportunity of warning its readers and the rest of the press that many letters are published, especially by foreign papers, as if signed by Garibaldi, which find their way to Italy; that these are often not genuine, manufactured probably by hands thus practising previous to the attempt of some still greater invention. The letter is dated "Varignano, Oct. 1, 1862."

"My poor Nizzards,—What would you have a wounded prisoner say to those disinherited from the land where they were born? Eh, the bargain was made—but God does not ratify the selling of his creatures. I thank you from my heart for your fraternal salutation. Always with affection yours, "G. GARIBALDI."

Garibaldi has written an affectionate letter to Victor Hugo, promising to be present at the first representation of the "Misérables" in London within two months from this time. God grant that he may be able to keep the appointment, but the latest account from Varignano are most alarming. A P.S. in a Turin letter of the 14th, in the *Temps*, contains the following:—

"I have just seen Dr. Riboli. He is greatly cast down. The mere sight of Garibaldi at once dissipated in his mind all the illusions encouraged by the optimism of the daily bulletins. Garibaldi is pale, exhausted, attenuated. A fever, not intense, but of daily recurrence, is slowly consuming him. As to the wound, M. Riboli agrees with M. Palasciano that the ball is in it. He thinks it not safe to attempt the extraction at present, and at the same time fears that delay may bring with it the most serious complications. In short, his impression is most discouraging."

MEXICO.

General de Lorencez has published, in an order of the day, the following letter addressed to him by the Emperor:—

"My dear General,—I learnt with pleasure the brilliant affair of the Cumbre, and with mortification the check experienced in the attack against Puebla. It is the fate of war to see reverses at times obscure the splendour of success, but that is not a reason for being discouraged. The honour of the country is engaged, and you will be supported by all the resources which you could look for and of which you may stand in need. Be to the troops under your orders the interpreter of my entire satisfaction at their courage and perseverance in supporting fatigues and privations. However distant they may be my solicitude is always with them. I approve your conduct, although it does not appear to have been well understood by every one. You did right to protect General Almonte, since he is at war with the present Government of Mexico. All those who seek a shelter under your flag have the same right to your protection. But all that must not in any way influence your conduct for the future. It is contrary to my interest, my origin, and my principles to impose any kind of Government whatever on the Mexican people; they may freely choose that which suits them best. All I demand from them is sincerity in their relations with foreign nations, and I only desire one thing—the prosperity and independence of that fine country under a stable and regular Government. I renew to you the assurance of my sentiments."

"NAPOLEON."

AMERICA.

General Rosecrantz, a Federal general, has gained a victory at Corinth.

A Cairo despatch, dated the 7th, says:—"As yet we can only state the general results of the fighting at Corinth. Skirmishing commenced on Sunday last, and there has been more or less fighting every day since. The rebel loss is about 800 killed, and from 1,500 to 1,800 wounded. We have 1,500 prisoners at Corinth, and 300 on the Hatchie River, and more constantly coming in. We have taken several thousand stand of arms, thrown away by the rebels in their flight. They are mostly new and of English make. Our loss, it is believed, will be 300 killed and 1,000 wounded. Many houses in the town were badly shattered by shot and shell. On Sunday General Ord drove the enemy five miles over hills and through woods and valleys, the rebels taking advantage of every wood for their infantry and every hill for their artillery. The fight lasted seven hours. The rebel General Rogers was killed. General Oglesby has died of his wounds. General Ord is slightly wounded. Prisoners taken say their effective force in the vicinity is 85,000 men. This is probably an over-estimate; but it is certain that they have out-numbered us two to one. The *Times* correspondent at New York writes as follows, under date October 7th:—

"As it is never safe to believe in a 'victory' when announced by telegraphic despatches that have filtered through the War-office at Washington, and still more unsafe to believe in it when described

to be 'glorious and overwhelming' by the New York press, there have been considerable doubts as to the true character of the engagement that took place on Saturday last between the Confederate forces under Generals Price, Van Dorn, and Lovell, and a portion of the Federal army under General Rosecrantz, on the old battlefield of Corinth. General Ulysses Grant, dating from his headquarters at Jackson, in Tennessee, seventy miles and upwards from Corinth, telegraphs to General Halleck, on the authority of General Rosecrantz, that the Confederates were the attacking party, that they were repulsed with great loss, and that Rosecrantz captured between 700 and 1,000 prisoners, besides the wounded that were abandoned on the field. In the meantime it is idle to speculate on either, or to exult, as the New York journals do, over a victory which may not have been won; or which, if won, may prove to be undecided. Mr. Lincoln, who has a high sense of his own responsibility for the doings of his generals, if not for those of his ministers, has made an unusually long visit to General McClellan, to satisfy himself that all is right on the Upper Potomac. The telegraph has informed him daily, for the last fortnight, that all is quiet on that stream; but as the army might be too quiet for efficiency, he appears to have resolved to see with his own eyes whether it were in working order, and whether McClellan were as much to be trusted as he himself believed, contrary to the opinion of some, if not most, of his ministers, and of other prominent persons who take him by the button-hole. At his return, at ten o'clock on Saturday night, from a visit of two days and two nights to the camp, he immediately summoned his War Secretary; and on Sunday morning he convened a Council of Ministers that remained in close deliberation for five hours. It seems to be the impression that he has again been 'putting his foot down' upon McClellan, and keeping it down, as if he were very much in earnest, and not at all kneadable by the extraneous agencies that desire to mould him to purposes not his own. He is reported to be entirely satisfied with what he saw and heard, though he was by no means satisfied with the reported state of matters when he left Washington. Certainly the cordial good feeling that subsists between the general and the army—so different from the bickerings, animosities, and personal jealousies with which he himself has to do battle every day—must have come upon his jaded senses as pleasantly as a breath of fresh air in the face of a convalescent. It is no secret that General McClellan has more enemies and possibly more friends than any man in America, and that the most vigorous and open, as well as the most insidious and secret means are daily employed to deprive him of command. The Abolitionist secretaries of the President, and the Abolitionist party in general, distrust or hate him; and all the generals who think they could fill his place if they had the chance shrug their shoulders at the mention of his name; speak of him as a 'mole,' or an engineer, magnify his reverses, deny or qualify his victories, and predict that no great blow will or can be struck at the rebellion until he be superseded. The President, however, though apparently shaken at times, remains true to McClellan as the needle to the pole. He oscillates a little to the right or the left, as the influence of an Abolitionist supporter or a rival general may cause him to deflect; but ultimately he settles in the old place and his last visit to the camp appears to have fixed him more firmly than ever. General McClellan has one great merit which cannot fail to have recommended him to the favourable consideration of a man so badgered as the President. He never complains, and never attempts to throw upon others the blame of his own misfortunes, errors, or short comings. McClellan not only holds his tongue but knows how to hold it, which is the great point in such difficulties as those by which he is surrounded and which he hopes to overcome, perhaps in a more more conducive to the satisfaction of a people who value empire more than liberty than to those of such a people as the Americans were in the days of that old and no longer regarded patriot, George Washington. During the President's visit, he accompanied General McClellan and his staff to the city of Frederick, in Maryland, recently occupied by the Confederate General Lee in his abortive invasion of that State. Mr. Lincoln was received with the enthusiasm which the people of all countries exhibit towards the master of strong battalions, and which the people of this particular city were not lukewarm in displaying to the Confederate leader when they believed him to be the strongest. Having entered a house where General Hartsuff, who was wounded at the battle of Antietam, lay on a bed of suffering, to make inquiries after the health of the invalid, the crowd on his return cheered him lustily, and called for a speech."

THE AWFUL RAILWAY COLLISION IN SCOTLAND

In our first page this week we give an illustration of the fearful collision near Edinburgh, causing the death of seventeen human beings and fearfully wounding 150 more. The full particulars appeared in our last week's issue. The pointsman Newton, who is supposed to have caused the accident, is in custody with another man. The prisoners will be tried under the usual alternative indictment served in such cases, charging them with culpable homicide (the equivalent for manslaughter) and culpable neglect of duty. The preliminary investigation is entirely of a private character. It is a circumstance perhaps worthy of notice that the sentences of the Scotch courts for this class of offences have usually been more severe than in the English cases of a similar kind, a conviction for culpable homicide generally bearing a heavier penalty than the relative charge in the English courts. From the statements made to his friends by the pointsman Newton before his apprehension, it appears that he mistook a ballast engine going west for the engine which had that day replaced the ordinary small pilot engine, which had been sent to Edinburgh for repair. Believing this supposed pilot engine indicated that the line was clear of other trains coming west, he displayed the green signal to the train from Glasgow going east. The Glasgow train had scarcely passed on to the signal line than three men, who had jumped off a truck attached to the ballast engine, came running up and told Newton of his error. He had scarcely time to exclaim, "Good God! what horrid mistake is this?" when a noise like distant thunder was heard, and in a few minutes a red lamp was seen moving along the line. Newton went towards the bearer, and found it was one of the guards, who had escaped, hastening westward to protect the line and give the alarm. It is also said that Newton had a few days before replaced an experienced pointsman, to whom an increase of wages had been refused. In the report of the police surgeon on the condition of the twelve dead bodies taken to Edinburgh, it is stated that ten of the number seem to have died immediately, and that in the six scalded bodies life had most probably been extinguished before the steam of the capsized engines had begun to spread. In the other two cases (both women) one had evidently been slowly suffocated, while the other, the guard's wife, had survived among the rubbish for some hours, and died after extraction; her child was taken from her arms unhurt. It is said that Mr. Bolton, of Birmingham, had a railway insurance policy current for £1,000. He had also made proposals to an Edinburgh office for a policy of £700; had remained a train behind to undergo the medical examination, and had deposited with a friend money to pay the premium on the policy being signed and tendered. It is said that the firm (Hammond, Turner, and Co.) by whom Mr. Bolton was employed are to raise an action of damages against the railway company, and a suit will also be instituted by his widow. This will only be one amid a great host of claims arising from the excessive fatality and amount of personal injury done by the accident.

ADMIRAL of the Blue Sir George Rose Sartorius is to have the good service pension rendered vacant by the death of Sir James Whitley Deans Dundas, G.C.B.

General News.

THE *Momento* of Genoa of the 14th says:—"We understand that on the day before yesterday the Government caused to be restored to General Garibaldi and his son Menotti their swords, which were seized at Aspromonte."

AN Irish porter, James Rooney, was drinking in Liverpool with a Lascar seaman in Robinson's spirit vault, near the river's dock, when the conversation turned upon Garibaldi. The men came to high words, and when the Lascar went out into the street he shouted, "Hurrah for Garibaldi!" "To h— with you and Garibaldi!" was the response of the porter, and, striking the Lascar over the face, Rooney knocked him down. A loaded lorry was passing at the time, and the Lascar falling between the wheels, they passed over and killed him.

A NOVEL case was decided by the magistrates of Ashton-under-Lyne. A father had apprenticed his son to a hat manufacturer, and received his wages. It appeared that he had quarrelled with his son and turned him out of doors, and both had demanded the wages from his employer. The amount had been paid to the father, and the son summoned his employer for the sum so paid. The magistrate decided to allow the claim.

A STAMPELON letter says:—"Some idea of the robust health which the Premier enjoys may be formed from the fact that on Wednesday, while his lordship was in an open carriage in the procession, a shower of rain fell. He after this delivered six speeches with unflagging energy, and at ten o'clock at night returned to Rome without his great coat, as it could not be found until after his departure."

A MAN, named Picquefeu, residing in the Rue Casimir Perier, at Havre, aged ninety-one years (says *Gaiguani*) has just put an end to his existence by blowing out his brains. A letter found on him states that, having become both blind and deaf, he had determined to end his existence.

THERE is a singular and melancholy circumstance connected with the death of Mr. Bolton, of Manchester, one of the victims of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway accident. He had applied for an insurance policy, and was examined by the medical agent of the company in Edinburgh on the very day of the accident. His intention was to have gone by the two o'clock train, but was delayed in consequence of having to undergo the medical examination—the delay of a few hours thus costing him his life. What makes his fate the more deplorable to his family is, that although he left Edinburgh on the understanding that he would be accepted when the report was given in to the head office of the company, and had left money with a friend to pay the premium, he met with his death before the policy had been accepted by the office.

THE *Journal de Charleville* says:—"We have stated that King Leopold was to pass the winter in the south of France. Our correspondent at Brussels now informs us that his Majesty has chosen the town of Pau as his place of residence, and that the palace there has been placed at his disposal by Napoleon III. The antique residence has lately been restored, and according to rumours all over the district of Bearne, is to be shortly occupied by a foreign prince. The prince is the King of the Belgians."

A MISCHIEVOUS attempt was made at Florence to unfasten the great crown which is suspended over the centre royal box in the Pagliano Theatre. Fortunately, it was discovered that some of the ropes had been removed, and the accident was prevented. As this emblem of royalty weighs some tons, and would have fallen into the pit, some idea of the results of such an avalanche may be formed.

EIGHT prisoners, from thirteen to seventeen years of age, confined in the penitentiary of the Ile du Levant, near Toulon, made a daring and successful attempt to escape a few days ago. They had observed that the current set constantly from their island to the Eyzes, and they accordingly resolved to risk the passage on two rafts of their own making, one being a mattress stuffed with cork waste, the other an old door belonging to a ruined fort. Having successfully carried out their strange voyage, and reached their destination, they took possession of the boat belonging to the lighthouse, and crossed over to the mainland. As soon as the fact became known, orders for their immediate arrest were sent to the gendarmerie in all the country round.

THE public will be glad to hear that Miss Nightingale's health is somewhat improved since her sojourn in one of the healthiest spots near London, where she is prolonging her stay.—*Court Journal*.

LORD PALMERSTON, on the part of the Crown, has presented the Rev. Henry Montague Villiers, M.A., of Christ Church, Oxford, son of the late Hon. and Right Rev. Dr. Villiers, Bishop of Durham, to the rectory of Adisham, Kent, a benefice which is worth about £1,500 a year. Mr. Villiers was married last year to a daughter of the Earl Russell. The living is in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and became vacant just before the death of the late primate. His Grace not having presented, the nomination fell to the Crown.

MR. CORDEN has written a letter to his constituents accepting their invitation to meet them at Rochdale, and has fixed Wednesday evening, the 29th inst., for the meeting.

MR. POLY has received a commission to execute an equestrian statue of Lord Canning for the city of Calcutta, where already his "Lord Hardinge" is placed.

A SPANISH provincial journal records an extraordinary instance of fecundity in the neighbourhood of Granada, where a woman gave birth to the astonishing number of four boys, "all well-formed and likely to live."

A NUMBER of sheep, which had been exposed in the open fields in the neighbourhood of North Shields, have been voraciously devoured by dogs. A watch has been set upon the places of pasture, with the view of preventing an extension of the destruction which has already been wrought.

THE unsightly object known as the Guards' monument in Waterloo-place, has just undergone the process of decoration, but with such an unfortunate result that its hideousness has been increased rather than diminished. The trophy of captured cannon has been topped with a wreath of laurel leaves of gigantic growth worked in bronze, which gives it the appearance of some nondescript animal of the pre-Adamite period wearing a pair of antlers. On each end of the pedestal there has been fixed a bronze shield, bearing the inscription, "Alma, Inkerman, Sebastopol."

AS inquiry was held by Mr. H. Baffles Walthew, the deputy coroner, at the Green Man, Poplar, on Monday, respecting the death of Frederick Towers, aged thirty, who lost his life under the following shocking circumstances:—It appeared from the evidence that the deceased was employed as a watchman on board the American ship *Sabine*, now lying in the West India Docks, and that he went on board sober at six o'clock on Friday week. The next morning he was found dead on board the ship *Caroline Good-year*, which had lately arrived from the West Indies with a cargo of rum. Dr. Brownfield said deceased was a remarkably healthy and powerful man, but he appeared to have taken such a quantity of rum, that it had acted as an irritant poison on the coats of the stomach, and caused speedy death. The man's brain and lungs had a strong smell of the spirit. The alcohol acted as a narcotic poison. The chief officer of the American vessel said that no spirits whatever were kept on board that ship, and, therefore, the deceased no doubt went on board the *Caroline Good-year* and drank until he died. The jury returned a verdict, "That deceased died from the poisonous effects of an excessive quantity of rum."

Provincial News.

YORK-HIRE.—A LONDON COAL MERCHANT GAROTTED IN SHEFFIELD.—A notorious character, named George Brittain, and a young woman, named Margaret Thompson, were charged before the magistrates at Sheffield with garrotting and robbing Henry Kay, of Colden-terrace, Notting-hill, London, coal merchant. The prosecutor came to Sheffield, and had not been long in the town when he was accosted in the street by the female prisoner, who invited him to have a walk with her. The prosecutor, who is well advanced in years, accepted her invitation. In the course of a long stroll they called at two public-houses and had drink. Eventually the woman took Mr. Kay into a lonely lane in the outskirts of the town. He was there attacked by two men, one of whom seized him by the throat in the garotte fashion. By a struggle he freed himself from the ruffian's grasp. The fellow immediately attacked Mr. Kay with his own walking stick, striking him heavily on the forehead and face, and knocking him down. The other man meanwhile rifled his pockets, taking 25s. in silver and his watch, which he broke for the watch. Some persons approaching, the men retreated in haste, without getting Mr. Kay's watch and purse. Seeing four persons in the lane just below, one of the men stopped as if uncertain what to do. The other ran past, calling out, "Come on, we've left him for dead; we must leave her to get out of it." The man who had stopped followed his companion. The spectators went up the lane, and found the woman still with Mr. Kay, who was covered with blood. She represented that the attack had been made by two men she did not know, but was given in charge by Mr. Kay. It was now proved that Brittain was the man who stopped in running down the lane, and then ran on, and that the woman had been associated with him for some time. Both the prisoners were committed for trial at York.

FATAL FIRE IN HULL.—About half-past seven o'clock on Sunday evening the most alarming fire which has been witnessed in Hull for a number of years broke out in the premises of Messrs. John Lee Smith and Co., wholesale grocers, &c., High-street. Information was at once conveyed to the police-office, and men were despatched with the necessary apparatus. The premises in which the fire originated are situated on the banks of the river Hull, and, owing to the tide being out at the time, an adequate supply of water could not be obtained on that side. In addition to this drawback, the wind was blowing a complete gale, which fanned the flames and caused them to rage with the most fearful fury. One unfortunate accident occurred in a narrow passage in the rear of Messrs. Smith and Co.'s offices. Several policemen were here directing a stream from a stand-pipe into the great body of flame, which was raging in the centre of the premises, when, without any previous warning, a wall, four stories in height, fell with a tremendous crash. Retreat in so narrow a place was almost impossible, and six poor fellows were buried in the ruins. Great excitement now prevailed, as the flames shot up with such fury as to drive all before it, and it was not until the lapse of several minutes that a force of men could be set to work to release the men who lay beneath the ruins. Several brave fellows, and among them some of the crew of Her Majesty's ship *Cornwallis*, at length volunteered to go to their assistance, but, owing to the dense smoke which then prevailed, they could not remain in the place more than a few minutes before they were driven back almost suffocated, and it was feared that the whole number would fall a prey to the flames. However, by the men constantly relieving each other, a great quantity of rubbish was removed, and at length they came upon one poor fellow, who turned out to be a stoker on board her Majesty's gunboat *Ruby*. After the lapse of an hour a policeman was taken out fearfully mangled, and his recovery is very doubtful. Two or three others were subsequently taken out and removed to an adjoining coffee-house, where medical aid was procured. About two o'clock in the morning the lifeless body of Police-constable Redfern, 79, was discovered in the ruins; but, owing to a large beam being laid across his body, he could not be removed, as the moving of the beam would, in all probability, have brought down the remaining portion of the wall. In addition to the poor fellow who lost his life, seven are very seriously injured, the recovery of three of them being very doubtful. The cause of the fire and the damage done are at present unknown, although, owing to the nature of the stores destroyed, the loss must amount to several thousands of pounds. The premises and stock are insured.

STAFFORDSHIRE.—SHOCKING COAL-PIT ACCIDENT.—A very melancholy accident happened on Friday afternoon week, at the new Priestfield's Colliery, Willenhall, about three miles from Wolverhampton, which resulted in the instantaneous and frightful death of four men. The colliery is the property of Mr. Henry Ward, ironmaster, by whom it is being worked. At about half-past four on the day named, five men, named respectively, Forshaw, aged 32; Michael Curty, aged 27; Thomas Lewis, aged 33; John Ginty, aged 26; and a young man, named Edward Evans, were ascending to the surface of the earth up the shaft of a stone pit. They were riding in a carriage, locally termed "a tackle," which was attached to the winding chain. Over this cage was a temporary roof, or "bonnet" formed of plate-iron, and used as a protection to the men when they go down or come up a pit from any accident through the falling upon them of anything from above. This shaft was about eighty yards deep, and the men had reached to about the centre when there came upon them with fearful force a massive "skip," constructed principally of iron, and used to convey the minerals to the surface. The "skip" had suddenly fallen from the brink of the shaft, and had acquired an immense momentum from the distance it had fallen. It would seem to have continued its course against the side of the shaft, inasmuch as it did not alight upon the roof of the "tackle." The men, however, who were beneath the roof were not removed from danger, for the "skip" came upon them with such terrible violence that four of the five were instantaneously killed. The fifth man (Evans), who was on the opposite side of the cage to that occupied by his companions, escaped with only a slight bruise on the temple, but he had to cling to a portion of the machinery of the tackle to save himself being precipitated with his then lifeless companions to the bottom of the shaft. Men descended to the bottom as speedily as possible, and performed the distressing duty of collecting together the scattered and quivering remains of the deceased and sending them to the surface. By this accident three women have been made widows and ten children orphans. On Saturday an inquest was formally opened before Mr. T. M. Phillips, the coroner for Wolverhampton. When sufficient evidence had been given to justify the interment of the dead, the inquiry was adjourned.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.—CONVICTION UNDER THE NEW POACHING ACT.—On Saturday last, at the Shire Hall, Nottingham, an important case was heard before Lord Belper and a full bench of magistrates. Three men, named William Terrey, Anthony Denham, and John Palmer, were charged with being at Arnold, near Nottingham, on the 15th of October, with a number of nets, rabbits, and game pegs in their possession. Sergeant Bladall said about five o'clock on the previous Wednesday morning, he and Police-constable Hill were out watching at Arnold, when they met the prisoners Palmer and Denham and a man named Wood (who was not now in custody). Their appearance being suspicious, the policeman stopped and searched them, finding upon their persons game pegs, driving lines, &c., of which they took possession. Palmer swore at witness, and said he was robbing them on the highway. The pegs and lines were wet, and appeared as if they had been just used. Witness let the prisoners go, saying he should summon them on a future day. A few minutes afterwards witness saw Terrey (who was coming towards them) place a bag by the

side of a hedge. Witness secured the bag, and Hill held Terrey. They found four rabbits in the bag quite warm and a large net. Lord Belper said the bench had resolved to convict the whole of the prisoners. In default of paying a fine of 30s., Terrey would be committed for one month's imprisonment, with hard labour. Palmer and Denham, having been previously convicted of poaching, would be committed for two months, with hard labour, in default of paying a fine of 40s.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—EXTENSIVE ROBBERY AND CLEVER CAPTURE.—Detective Officer Lilburn, of the Lincoln police force, saw three women in the streets of the city, whom he suspected to be thieves. He determined therefore to keep his eye upon them, and watched them enter several shops and offer combs for sale. They afterwards went to the post-office and obtained a post-office order for £3, and then went to the top of Water-lane. Here one of the women, whose name is Waterhouse, left the others and proceeded down the lane, and was absent a few minutes. On her return the three women went in the direction of the race course, Lilburn still following them, and on reaching a by-lane they stooped down and commenced to break open a cash-box. Lilburn at once obtained assistance, pounced upon the women, and took them and the cash-box to the station-house. Shortly afterwards Mr. Hiley, carrier, of Water-lane, entered the office and gave information that a cash-box, containing £50 and papers which he valued at £500, had been taken from his office, and on the cash-box found in the possession of the women being shown to him he at once recognized it as his property. It would appear that the woman Waterhouse entered the office during the time her two companions were at the top of the lane, and seeing no one about, made off with the cash-box. The three women, who gave their names as Mary and Margaret Montgomery, and Eliza Waterhouse, were charged with the robbery before the city magistrates, and were committed to take their trial at the sessions then being held. They pleaded "Guilty," and the Recorder (the Hon. G. C. Vernon) sentenced them each to three years' penal servitude. The Recorder awarded Lilburn two guineas for his clever capture, and Mr. Hiley also made him the "liberal" present of one guinea.

SHIPWRECK, AND LOSS OF FOUR LIVES.

WE regret to learn that the ship *Geneva*, of London, between 600 and 800 tons burden, was totally lost by being driven ashore at the Mull of Kintyre, to the south of Carskey Bay, and four of her crew perished in presence of several people on the shore, who could render no assistance, in consequence of the stormy state of the weather. The *Geneva* sailed from Quebec to Antwerp, timber laden, and on the 24th of September she was abandoned, in a sinking state, in lat. 46 N., long. 34 W. Her crew were subsequently picked up by the Prussian brig *Louisa*, from New York, and landed at Queenstown on the 4th of October. Some time after the ship had been abandoned she was discovered by the crew of the *St. Michael*, of Glasgow, Captain Boyd, which sailed from London for Montreal on the 13th of September last, about the same latitude, viz., near the banks of Newfoundland. The *Geneva* was boarded, when it was discovered that she had been abandoned, and her papers taken away, the only living creature on board being a poor cat, which had been left behind to perish with the sinking vessel. William Fordyce, belonging to Shetland, mate of the *St. Michael*, and four of the crew, volunteered to take charge of the water-logged ship, and endeavour to take her into Glasgow, believing, as they did, that there was a possibility of so doing. They were accordingly permitted to take charge of the ship. The undertaking, which was of the most daring character, was pretty successful till Monday, when the vessel approached the Kintyre coast. The weather became most tempestuous, and notwithstanding that the mate and crew used every effort to preserve the ship, by keeping her off the shore, they were unable to do so, and she struck about six o'clock near the place we have named; and so rough was the sea, that by eleven o'clock at night she had gone to pieces about 300 yards from the shore. From the time the vessel struck till she went to pieces the waves continued to dash over her, and when the fatal moment arrived—when she broke up in hundreds of pieces—the scene was one of the most heartrending description. On the shore were standing men with brave hearts hearing the cries for help of their drowning fellow beings as they drifted out to sea on pieces of wreck; but they were helpless, they could render no assistance, and four of the brave seamen perished in the waves, the mate (who acted as temporary master of the derelict) alone escaping with his life. His escape was a most miraculous one. When the ship broke up he leaped upon a piece of the wreck, and was tossed to and fro from eleven o'clock at night till nearly five in the morning, when his tiny raft floated near shore, and he expected every moment to be dashed to pieces against the rocks. His case was a desperate one, and, after watching for some time, he made a most determined leap, and though he fell short, he was assisted by those who had gathered on the rocks, and was ultimately rescued. When the perilous position of the *Geneva* was first discovered information was sent to Canpheltown, and the lifeboat which was stationed there last year was, without delay, conveyed, with a first rate crew under Mr. Watson (Lloyd's agent), to the scene of the disaster. The boat was launched with great difficulty, and pulled towards the wreck; but, unfortunately, she was too late—the poor fellows who had clung to parts of the wreck or cargo having all disappeared. The *Geneva*, as we have already said, broke up quickly, and all vestige of her, with the exception of her floating cargo and wreck, soon disappeared. In connexion with this disastrous event, the following incident is worth recording. As we have already said, the only living creature found on board the derelict was a cat. The poor animal, with the instinct natural to its species, was alive to danger the moment the *Geneva* struck; and when the mate made the leap upon the piece of wreck, the cat almost simultaneously leapt upon his neck, and clung there during the whole time he was tossed about. Every movement he made was watched by the poor animal; and when he made the leap by which he was to live or die, the poor grimalak made a bound at the same moment, and reached the rocks in safety, amongst which it concealed itself.

THE WHITE SALOON, ROYAL PALACE, BERLIN.

THIS apartment has recently been fitted up at a cost of £20,000, and decorated with the statues of the twelve Brandenburg electors, and eight allegorical figures, representing the Prussian provinces. It was in this room that the first meeting of the Prussian Parliament was held in 1847, and in which the dissolution of the late Parliament took place last week. An illustration of the White Saloon is given on page 40.

A CURIOUS STORY.—The *Journal de la Nièvre* relates the following story:—"A man named Content, forty-five years of age, in comparatively easy circumstances, residing near the Faubourg Saint Antoine, at Nevers, had a mania for hiding his money, and he had selected a hole in his stable just over a beam for that purpose. In that place he had deposited his treasure, amounting to 700*fr.* in gold. A few days since he went to see that his treasure was safe, and was thunderstruck at finding that the money had disappeared. His suspicions fell on a cobbler, named Guyot, who resided at a short distance from him. Arming himself with a loaded pistol, he went to the cobbler's house and finding him sitting at his work, discharged the pistol point blank at him, but fortunately missed him, the cobbler by some accident falling at the moment from his stool to the ground. Content, thinking he had killed his man, hurried back to his own house, and reloading the weapon, attempted to blow out his brains, but in his agitation only broke his lower jaw, the wound of which is not very serious."

PANAMA HATS.

BEHIND the principal chain of the Andes extends, on the banks of the Ucayale and the Marañon, an immense plain inclined to the east, traversed by mountain ranges, and which is called in Peru the Montana Real. Under a rainy sky, which is often disturbed by thunderstorms, the eternal verdure of the primordial forests charms the eye of the traveller, whilst the inundations, the marshes, the enormous serpents, the innumerable insects arrest his hesitating march. This region, through which the communications are difficult, is called Lower Peru.

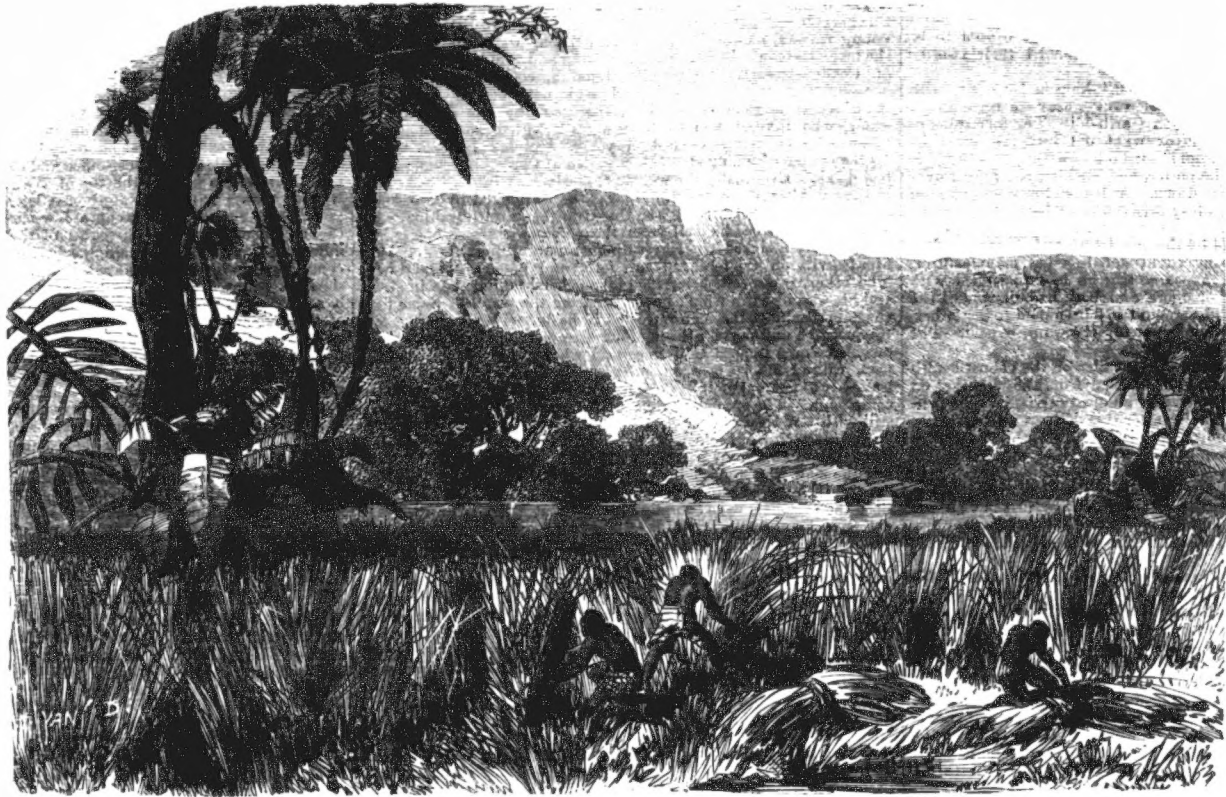
There grow in all the luxuriance of a limitless vegetation the most beautiful and gigantic plants, the loveliest and most odorous flowers, the most useful shrubs, the herbs the richest both as to production and value, many of which are unknown in Europe, though eminently appreciated in the country itself. In Lower Peru grows the *bombonaxa*, or hat straw, resembling as to form a tuft of marsh reeds. The colour is a delicate green. The bits called Panama hats, and made from the *bombonaxa*, have received the name they bear from having first been imported from Panama into the United States. In truth, however, the *bombonaxa* hats are exported from nearly the whole South American coast. Certain classes of Indians devote themselves exclusively to the making of these hats. The process is a very long one, and this is one reason why the price of these hats is so high. The minute, delicate labour is longer or shorter according to the quality; for whilst common articles demand scarcely more than two or three days, those of the best description require entire months of care and attention.

The plaiting of these hats occupies the whole of the Indian colony of Moyobamba, on the bank of the Amazon, to the north of Lower Peru. In this village men and women, children and old men, are equally busy. The inhabitants are all seen seated before their cottages plaiting hats and smoking cigarettes. The straw is plaited on a thick piece of wood, which the workman holds between his knees. The centre is begun first, and the work continued outward to the rim. The time the most favourable for this kind of work is the morning or rainy days, when the atmosphere is saturated with moisture. At noon, or when the weather is clear and dry, the straw is apt to break, and these breakings appear in the form of knots when the work is ended.



MODE OF MAKING THE PANAMA HATS.

MANUFACTURE OF PANAMA HATS.



REAPING THE BOMBONAXA, THE STRAW WITH WHICH THE PANAMA HATS ARE MADE.

The leaves of the *bombonaxa*, to be fit to be used, are gathered before their complete development. They are steeped in hot water till they become white. When this operation is terminated, each plant is separately dried in a chamber where a high temperature is kept up. The *bombonaxa* is then bleached for two or three days. The straw thus prepared is despatched to all the places where the inhabitants occupy themselves with plaiting hats; and the Indians of Peru employ the straw not only for hats, but also in making those delicious little cigar cases which are often sold for £5 or £10 each.

The Indians of Moyobamba, evidently sprung from the Mongolian race, have a large flat face. Their eyes are placed obliquely, so that the grand angle descends towards the nose. The cheek bones are prominent; the brow is low and flattened; the hair is black, smooth, and glossy; their skin is of a brownish-red colour, their figure is tolerably good and regular. They live in groups and in little tribes, hidden in the virgin forests, or disseminated over the vast pampas of Lower Peru. It is to this race, which is in the highest degree indolent, lazy, and selfish, that the world owes the *bombonaxa* hats.

When an Indian has made a dozen or so of these hats, he sets out for the residence of a dealer in the article, and generally arrives in the evening. Nothing is more curious than to see the cunning Indian, his merchandise hid under the folds of his vast poncho, advancing towards the house of the supposed purchaser, waiting without stirring, and looking at the door in silence. When the dealer examines a hat the Indian will ask about three times the value of the article; and when, after long discussion, he at last decides on concluding a bargain, one sees him examining with distrust the money which he has received, and rubbing it in order to try whether it is good. If the sellers of the hats are to the number of two or three, he who has concluded the bargain passes to the others the sum paid, in order that they also may see whether it is honest money. If the money pleases them, the first man draws from his inexhaustible poncho a second, a third, a twentieth hat as a conjuror draws every variety of article from a hat; and for each of the 'Panamas' the same scene of distrust is renewed for the verification of the money.

We can easily understand the slowness which results from this mode of sale. It is difficult to buy more than twenty hats a day, even in giving the best price. Thus, in order to collect 2,000 hats, representing a value of £1,000, a sojourn of three or four months in the country is required; and as transactions with savages such as those in Lower Peru are difficult, dealers are obliged to carry about with them both the money and the merchandise. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the trade in hats is one of the surest and most lucrative in the land. Moyobamba exports every year ten



THE NATIVES SELLING PANAMA HATS.

or eleven thousand hats. The province of Panama produces much more than Peru. It is supposed that not less than sixty or eighty thousand hats are annually exported from the province of Panama. If the average price of a hat is reckoned at two piastres, their exportation will represent a value of about £40,000. The greater part of the hats are exported from Lima; but of late years the exportation has likewise taken place by way of the Amazon.

Hitherto, the high price of the Panama hats has hindered their importation into Europe; but as the average price of what has fallen to about £1, they are now within the reach of nearly every one. The Panamas are distinguished from other hats in being of a single piece, marvellously light, and of incomparable elasticity. They can be rolled and put in the pocket without any danger of being broken. In rainy weather they become black, but they recover their natural colour when steeped in soapy water.

What constitutes and maintains the reputation of the Panama hats is that neither heat nor insects, which devour everything under the torrid sun of the equator, can affect the *bombonaxa* straw.

In the long run, nothing but humidity can destroy them. They last eight times as long as a Leghorn hat. They are easily carried about. They can be folded and rolled by the dozen, like the commonest merchandise. In short, the trade in Panamas hats is the very best in South America.

There has been an importation into France of Panama hats not more than two years. The importation into England has just begun; but it is sure greatly to extend.

ROBBERY EXTRAORDINARY.—Mr. John Ryan, a magistrate of the county of Limerick, has been robbed of property to the value of about £50 by a Frenchman, who either really is, or has successfully pretended to be, a Roman Catholic priest. This person, who called himself the Abbe Rougment, had been for some weeks past residing as tutor to Mr. Ryan's family. On last Sunday morning, while the family were at chapel, he collected a quantity of plate, jewellery, and wearing apparel, with which he decamped, drove to the nearest railway station, and has not since been heard of. It is thought he went to Waterford. It was reported in the locality that he celebrated mass that morning in the adjacent chapel of Knocklong.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

WILLIAM the first, King of Prussia, whose portrait appears in this page, was born in the year 1797, and ascended the throne on the death of his brother on the 4th of January, 1861. In consequence of the late King's mental infirmities, the present sovereign had exercised the functions of regent for some time previous to his ascending the throne. In the revolutionary year, 1848, when trouble broke forth at Berlin, and the King was compelled to grant a constitution to his people, the now reigning monarch being very unpopular, fled to England, where he remained some months. When quiet was restored at Berlin, he returned to Prussia, and took command of the army destined to subdue the insurrection of Baden-Baden. He showed himself in this position a merciless and revengeful man, causing numbers to be shot by drum-head court-martial, and pardoning few that fell within his power. His despotic tendencies were again evidenced the other day, when he summarily dismissed the parliament of Prussia because it refused granting the supplies required for what the King believes to be the necessary, but what the Chamber has pronounced unnecessary, augmentations of the Prussian army. The King is father to the Prince of Prussia, who married Queen Victoria's eldest daughter.

Although professing to reign constitutionally, William the First has clearly resolved upon ruling despotically. In reply to an address presented to him the other day, the King said: "Views formerly concealed have dropped the mask, at least in part. I wish to preserve the constitution intact to my people; but it is my indispensable mission, and my firm will also, to maintain intact the Crown inherited from my ancestors and its constitutional rights. This is necessary for the interests of my people. But to do this, or for the defence of the blessings already alluded to, a well-organized army is requisite, and not a self-styled national army, which ought, as a Prussian has not blushed to say, to stand behind the parliament. I am firmly resolved not to sacrifice anything more of my hereditary rights. Say so to those who have delegated you. You now know—you now have heard—my view of things. Let every one of you propagate them, and support them in extended spheres."

In the meantime, however, the dismissed deputies are receiving enthusiastic ovations from their constituents.



WILLIAM I, KING OF PRUSSIA.

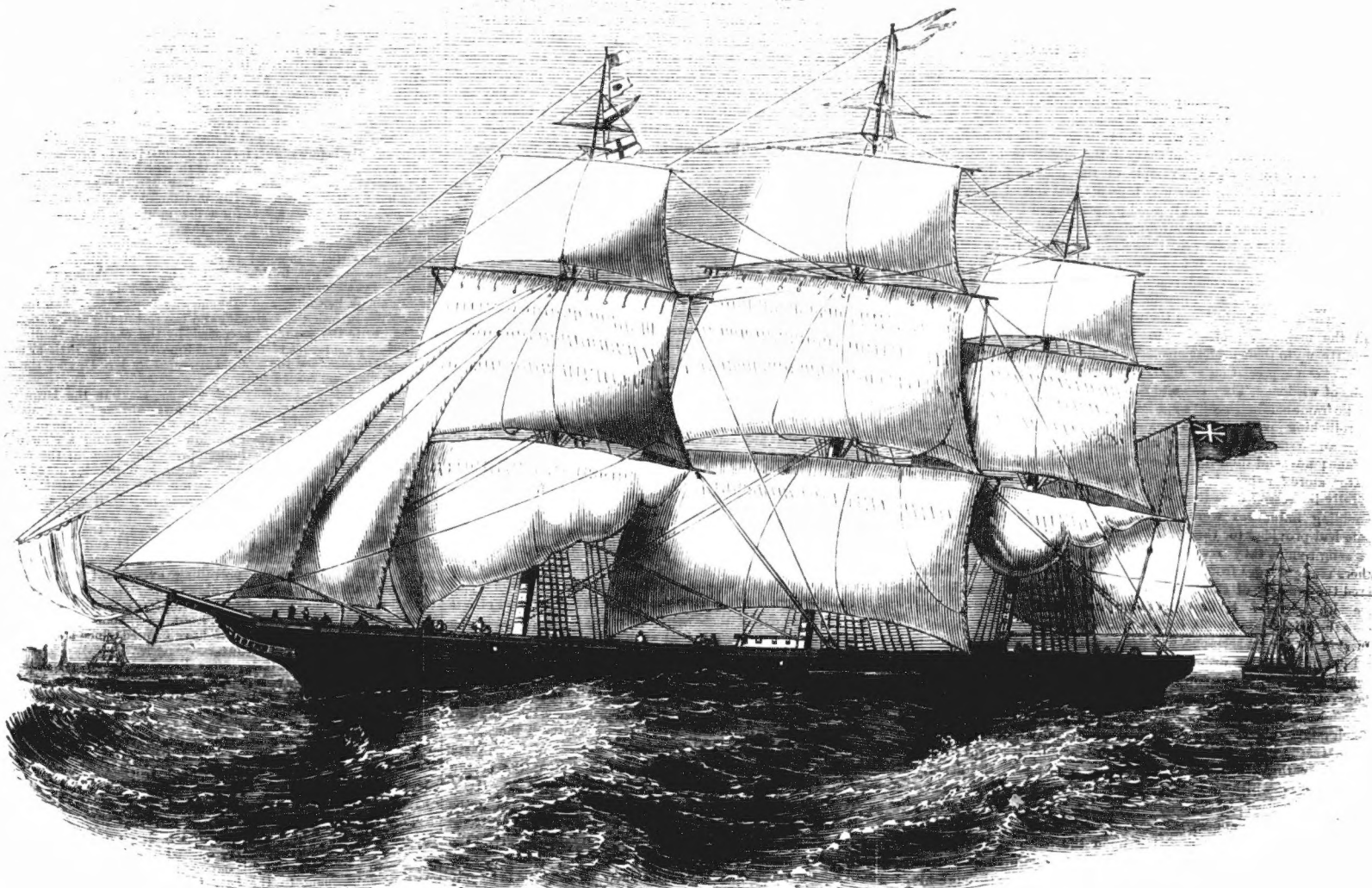
IRELAND.

At the Killarney quarter sessions, Mr. George K. Magee brought an action against Captain James White Minchin, adjutant of the Kilkenny Fusiliers, for an assault. It appeared that the defendant, while standing in a shop in the High-street of Kilkenny, saw the plaintiff, with his brother and a friend, passing by, and imagined that they applied some insulting epithets to him, the use of which they positively denied. He followed them, and threatened to horsewhip them. This led to a collision, graphically described by Mr. Thomas Brennan, who deposed:—

"Was crossing to my own house on the day in question, and saw Captain Minchin in an altercation with the Messrs. Magee. Saw the plaintiff's brother holding him back, and the former exclaiming to the defendant, 'How dare you, sir? I will give you in charge to the police.' The captain then struck him with his cane on the shoulder. I got between them, and stopped the fight for a moment, but then I saw the other brother get into a row with the captain, and saw the captain knock him down. Before that I shoved the plaintiff away, and caught hold of the captain, but the latter got away from me, and was at them again. The two Magees were entangled with the captain at one time. Saw the captain strike first with his cane. At that time the plaintiff's brother was holding him back, but his blood got up afterwards, and he pitched into the captain too. I saw the captain give him as handsome a blow as I ever witnessed."

The Chairman considered that the defendant had been too hasty, and gave a decree against him for £4.

GARIBALDI AND THE TRADES OF LONDON.—General Garibaldi having in letters to friends in England signified his intention of shortly visiting this country, to thank them in person for the interest taken in the cause of Italian unity, preparations have already commenced for giving a public welcome to the Italian hero on his visit to the metropolis. A preliminary meeting has been convened of the influential and leading men in the metropolitan trade societies, to consider the propriety of the trades, as a body, joining in the proposed demonstration. Should this course be decided upon, each trade will be at once called upon to appoint its delegates to carry out the necessary arrangements, and some of the friendly societies will be also invited to take part in the proceedings.



(THE "ROYAL FAMILY," NEW AUSTRALIAN CLIPPER SHIP. (See page 39).)

REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY.

RUPERT THE FUGITIVE; OR, THE WILL-FORGER.

Illustrated by GILBERT.

GEORGE BARRINGTON. Illustrated by THWAITES.

THE SHINGAWN. Illustrated by THWAITES.

These Three most popular Tales are now appearing every week in REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY, the Cheapest and Best Publication in the World. One Penny Weekly; Sixpence Monthly. London: J. Dicks, 25, Wellington-street, Strand, and all Booksellers.

THE PICTORIAL COMPANION

TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION

CONTAINS

SIXTEEN LARGE FOLIO PAGES, AND SIXTEEN ENGRAVINGS

OF ALL THE OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN THE EXHIBITION,

AND IS A COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE BUILDING,

AND SIGHTS OF LONDON.

EVERY VISITOR SHOULD PURCHASE A COPY

ONE PENNY.

To be had at all Railway-stations, Book-stands, Booksellers, and Newsmen.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News," 25, Wellington-street, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

		ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
D.	D.			A. M.	P. M.
25	S	Crispin	2 50	3 10
26	S	19th Sunday after Trinity	3 35	3 55
27	M	4 20	4 40
28	T	St. Simon and St. Jude	5 5	5 30
29	W	6 0	6 30
30	T	7 0	7 30
31	F	8 10	8 50

MOON'S CHANGES.—29—First quarter, 11.44 p.m.

SUNDAY LESSONS.

Morning.

19.—Daniel 3; Luke 12.

Evening.

Daniel 6; Ephesians 6.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. A. (Lambeth).—Asterley's Theatre was destroyed by fire 1841. The first locomotive engine ran on the Whitstable Railroad.

B. H. (Wigan).—Cases for binding the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS will be ready on the completion of the second volume.

T. R. NAWPORT (Isle of Wight).—We are not aware of the names of the gentlemen at the institution you name. A letter addressed Mr. Sharpe, bootmaker, Cheltenham, might lead to the fulfilment of your wishes.

ALPHA (Perth).—See answer to B. H.

J. MORGAN (Menai Bridge).—Being several, we know not to which you allude.

S. B. S. J.—No, but we would recommend you to apply to a respectable solicitor.

ENQUIRER.—Santley and Rosenthal are our best baritone. The latter is, probably, the best actor (as a singer) on the stage. Weiss is a basso, and is generally considered our best, but we consider him better suited to sacred music than the stage. Like most English singers, he is not a good actor, and not at all to be compared with Rosenthal in such parts as "Don Jose," "Lord Alcazar," &c. Santley is a member of the celebrated Pyne and Harrison Opera Company. We have lost sight of Rosenthal, but he would prove of great service to the same company. Such a part as the "King" in the "Puritan's Daughter" he would make a great character.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1862.

On Sunday night and Monday morning there was high jinks at the Old Bailey. Catherine Wilson was to be hanged on Monday. Even during the night of Sunday, when the rain poured down so heavily that it might have been fancied that all the angels in heaven were weeping over some signal example of the wicked folly of man, hundreds were trudging their way towards that school where they were to be strengthened in all good purposes, and fortified against temptation. As hour after hour crept on the hundreds swelled into thousands, and long before the time fixed for the horrid ceremonial of the day, in the space before Newgate there was nothing to be seen, as far as the eye could reach in each direction, but a serried mass of human heads. They came chiefly from the courts and alleys where the physical and the moral drainage is alike defective, and the majority, professing to be thieves and harlots, acted honestly up to their professions. Their demeanour gave evidence of that keen appreciation of the great truth that pleasant are the paths of wisdom. They came to receive instruction in no sour and ascetic frame of mind, but in a spirit of light-hearted merriment, not to say rollicking joviality. Their exuberance found vent in shouts and songs and jests, of which some were obscene and the majority were profane; now and then their glee at the prospect of the great moral treat in store for them led them to fight each other like wild beasts. So fully impressed were they with the conviction that all holy and ennobling influences were centred in the pageant which the State had provided for them, that when some well-meaning fanatics sang hymns they responded with negro melodies, and when others read passages from the Scriptures they blasphemed. What cared they to hear of Christ when they were to be so soon face to face with Calcraft? So the night passed away—but before it was half spent the grim State pulpit, from which the law preaches the sublimest of its devout sermons, was dragged out from the prison yard, and put in working order with much clank of hammers, which seemed to fall as music upon the ears of the multitude. A severely simple structure this, with nothing about it to excite awe or arouse solemn associations; a coarsely fashioned, vulgar machine, upon which one would scarcely hang a dog—if, indeed, there be any special reason why a dog should be hanged at all. As eight o'clock drew near there was a surging and a heaving in the densely packed throng which told of eager expectation, but there was no cessation of oaths, and shrieks, and lewd jests, though these were mingled with shouts of "Hats off!" and "Down in front!"—and as the clock struck there appeared upon the platform a pinioned wretch standing between the representatives of Church and State. Yet Calcraft, nerved no doubt by a sense of duty, goes through his work as placidly as if he were merely an actor in the thrilling scene

of a sensation drama in which nobody will sustain the slightest injury. This is enough to send a quiver through the stoutest nerves; yet the sufferings of Calcraft must be nothing when compared with those of the reverend ordinary. When the Rev. John Davis presents himself as a chief actor in a drama the catastrophe of which is the exaction of that penalty of "life for life" which was abrogated by the Master whom he professes to serve—when he perpetrates a hideous parody of the solemn Burial Service of the English Church over the body of a yet breathing fellow-creature—when he mouths the words of Holy Writ, well knowing that he has mentioned one inspired phrase to the hangman as his cue for drawing the fatal bolt—he must pass through an ordeal which few men would care to undergo. He went through it on Monday as placidly as if he had been baptising a new-born child. Standing face to face with a breathing woman, he called attention to the fact that it had pleased God to take from us our dear sister—that dear sister being close to him in full life and health, and waiting only for the utterance of a preconcerted word to be taken from us, not by God but by Calcraft; and when, within reach of his hand, and at the signal given by his voice, the dear sister dropped from Time into Eternity, he placidly shut his book and went away to breakfast. The minister of Christ who can do this must be held to earn at each repetition of the feat the crown of martyrdom. What mattered it that, two minutes after Constance Wilson had become a corpse, the crowd again hooted, and yelled, and fought, and imprecated, and vented filthy jeers upon the swinging body in which the life-pulses had scarcely yet ceased to beat, and vented many quips and cranks upon its movements, until it was cut down by Calcraft, whom they hailed with a round of vociferous applause? Can any one doubt that the moral lesson sank deep into their hearts? Let gin-shops and brothels bear witness—the majority were so deeply affected by the scene that they needed drunkenness or harlotry to blunt the keenness of the impression. So ended this glorious festival of Christian civilisation. There may be cynics who will say that Satan grinned on Monday with grim delight at the hideous orgie organized in his honour in the name of God; and that our posterity, when they read the record of the scene, will blush for their brutal and idiotic forefathers. But the British constitution has it otherwise: it avers that the beneficent Father who gave His Son to die for the salvation of mankind loves to lap human blood, and glories in such a satanic orgie as that which took place before Newgate on Monday; and as loyal subjects we must abide by the British institution.

In the Eastern Annexe of the Great Exhibition, where the wonders of the mineral world are displayed to view, the gaze of even the most listless visitor is arrested by the combination of colours which some of the cases present. The dazzling brilliancy of the show can be likened to nothing but the plumage of those tropical birds which are occasionally massed together under glass shades as if to exhibit the painting which nature can perform. And the colours, too, of which we speak are nature's colours also, extracted from metals by the art of man. Those scarlets and crimsons and greens and yellows which almost pain the eye by their excessive brightness represent simply metals in chemical combination with certain other substances. Their true names are portentously technical, but their common titles are expressive enough, and they furnish the means by which our pre-Raphaelite artists fix such gorgeous tints on their canvases. There is another side, however, to the story. These powders which look so daintily beautiful are often deadly poisons—as dangerous and fatal as painted snakes. That deep vermillion, that intense blue, that dazzling green, and even that snowy white, are all poisonous. That the painted figures on a twelfth-century tapestry were often productive of mischief most mothers will recollect, but in the present day the command of all these brilliant tints has set us upon multiplying the perils of colour. There is not a single hue or shade of nature's paintings which cannot be imitated. Artificial fruit, flowers, and leaves can be manufactured with a more than natural brilliancy. Grapes and plums, wreaths of ivy, garlands, and decorations of all kinds can be produced, not indeed with impunity, but with certainty and ease. A little girl had a bunch of artificial grapes given to her. After amusing herself with the toy, she gave it to a playmate of about her own age, who presently picked a grape off the bunch and sucked it. The next day she was a corpse. An eminent physician, who analyzed the fatal plaything, deposed that ten of the grapes yielded three grains of arsenite of copper—a deadly poison; and that each vine-leaf on the bunch contained enough of the same compound to kill a child. Of course, the grapes were never meant to be sucked; but when children see something exactly resembling fruit they are naturally tempted to do as they would do with fruit, and to put it in their mouths. This artificial bunch of grapes was nothing more nor less than poison in the shape of food, though it was never intended that anybody should be deceived by the imitation. We refer to this case, however, principally for the sake of showing the incredible extent to which one particular poison is employed for the production of colour. Arsenic—one of the most fearful of all poisons—has the property of yielding, in certain chemical combinations, most beautiful shades of green. There is no green like the arsenical green, and it is consequently used wherever brilliancy of colour is thought desirable. Not only is it employed in the manufacture of artificial wreaths, but it enters into the dye of wools and linen, and into the staining of paper for the decoration of our rooms. In every one of these cases the result is dangerous to the extreme; and when we read, indeed, such evidence as was given by Dr. Letheby we can only be surprised that a practice so shockingly pernicious should ever have been continued. A child's cupboard, in which its toys were kept, was lined with green paper. The poor little thing sickened and died, obviously from the effects of poison mysteriously imbibed. Dr. Letheby analyzed the paper-hanging of the cupboard, and found that a piece of it, only six inches square, contained nearly thirteen grains of the deadly compound—enough to kill two grown-up persons. At a moment when the practice of secret poisoning is alleged to be more frequent than we conceive, it is certainly not agreeable to find that poisons may also be administered unintentionally in the commonest transactions of life. A man may die of arsenic, and the paper of his own room may have killed him. Death used to be only in the pot; it is now in the air. When we read of the prodigious

quantities of arsenic which may be thus brought into a house, and given off into the atmosphere, we can no longer refuse belief to the marvellous stories of the Middle Ages. It is really not impossible that poison may have been administered through a glove, or a billet or a perfume. In our own case, however, we have the remedy at hand. We must forego these dazzling colours, or leave them to the innocent uses which they may be made to serve. We must be content with greens of the old-fashioned kind, and avoid trifling with our lives for the sake of a shade. It happens to be a case in which the mischief is not at all on one side. The rich lady is as likely to suffer as the poor needlewoman, and we should hope, therefore, that the mere exposure of the facts would be sufficient to put an end to dresses and paper-hangings carrying death in their train.

EXECUTION AT THE OLD BAILEY.

On Monday morning, Catherine Wilson, convicted at the last session of the Central Criminal Court of the murder, by poison, of Maria Soames, under circumstances still fresh in the public recollection, was hanged in front of the prison of Newgate, in the presence of a vast crowd, variously estimated at from 20,000 to 30,000 people.

For some days after her trial the convict endeavoured to convey the impression to the minds of her attendants that she had not understood her sentence, but she was not believed, and she ceased to refer to the matter. The interval, more than usually long, between her conviction and execution, was marked by few incidents of any public interest. While under remand from the Lambeth Police-court from time to time, she had become acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Jessop, chaplain of Horseman-lane Gaol, in which she was then imprisoned, and he visited her at her own request several times at Newgate, after her conviction. She was under the charge of two women night and day, and in her conversation with them, which at times turned naturally upon the offence of which she had been convicted, she declared her innocence, but not in a manner to convince them of her sincerity. One or other of the sheriffs or under-sheriffs visited her from time to time, and thus afforded opportunities, if she had been so disposed, to make any voluntary statement with respect to the crime she was shortly deservingly to expiate with her life. About three weeks ago, with the assistance of the solicitor who had prepared her defence on her trial, she drew up a memorial to Sir George Grey, dwelling chiefly on the circumstances that there was an absence of all positive proof that Mrs. Soames had died of poison, that she (the convict) had bought or administered poison, or that any was found in her possession. These allegations she urged upon the consideration of the Home Secretary as grounds for a respite or commutation of the sentence, and her memorial was forwarded to him by one of the under-sheriffs. On the afternoon of Saturday a reply was received from Sir G. Grey, to the effect that he had communicated with the learned judge who presided at the trial, and had carefully reviewed the circumstances stated in evidence, but had failed to discover any reasonable ground on which to recommend her to the mercy of the Crown, and that the law must take its course. Alderman and Sheriff Laurence, accompanied by Mr. Mackrell and Mr. Farrar, the under-sheriffs, immediately on the receipt of that communication repaired to the cell of the convict and apprised her of its contents. She received the intelligence as if she had expected no other result. It is a circumstance remarkably significant of the unanimity in the public mind as to her guilt, and as to the diabolical means by which her murders were perpetrated, that not a single effort was made in her behalf in any quarter whatever outside the prison, from the moment of her conviction, to arrest or divert the course of justice. All consideration of sex, which in cases of women under capital sentence induce some people to plead for mercy, appears in this instance to have been completely merged in horror at the crime, and not a finger was raised to deprecate a just retribution.

The convict was either friendless, or in her extremity was deserted by nearly all who had been on terms of intimacy with her. No relative, if any she had, applied to see her in the prison either before or after her conviction. One acquaintance only saw her while under sentence, and that was a woman who had once been her neighbour, and whom a feeling of commiseration on that account had induced to visit her. Two other women applied for admission from a similar motive, but she declined to see them.

On Monday morning, about half-past seven o'clock, Alderman and Sheriff Laurence and Sheriff Jones, accompanied by Mr. Mackrell and Mr. Farrar, the under-sheriffs, all of whom wore their official robes, arrived at the prison. There they were joined by Mr. Jonas, the governor, and Mr. Gibson, the surgeon of the gaol. Then, shortly before eight, forming themselves in procession, they went to the cell of the convict, with whom they returned after a brief interval, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Davis, the chaplain. Attended by Mrs. Freeman, the matron, she walked unaided to a room, where she took a seat for a few moments, in the presence of the sheriffs, under-sheriffs, and the prison authorities. There she was offered some stimulant, which she declined to accept. The convict was then subjected to the process of pinioning, and Mr. Jonas, the governor, told her that if she had anything to say, the sheriffs, in whose presence she was, would listen to her. She simply shook her head, and said she was innocent. Then forming themselves in order, the sheriffs and the rest of the authorities conducted her to the scaffold, preceded by the chaplain, reading the preliminary sentences of the Burial Service. With little or no assistance she ascended the scaffold attended by Mr. Davis; the drop fell, and she soon ceased to live.

The crowd, formed chiefly into a dense mass in the large open space in front of the prison, stretched away also as far as Smithfield on the one hand, and Ludgate-hill on the other. Scores of people, men and women, sat at open windows commanding a view of the spectacle, or stood on the housetops. The moment the convict appeared on the scaffold the huge concourse of people surged to and fro, and raised that indescribable murmur characteristic of such occasions; but no expression of popular feeling, if any there was, could be distinguished in the uproar. There was a great number of women in the crowd, but perhaps not greater than usual. The people began to assemble shortly after midnight, and by four o'clock in the morning many hundreds had taken places in front of the gaol. In the height of the prevailing excitement, as the convict appeared on the drop, an iron *cheval-de-frise* running along the top of a wall connecting the Court-house with the prison, and against which many people had leant for support, suddenly gave way. Fourteen years are said to have elapsed since a woman had been executed in the Old Bailey.

At nine o'clock the body, after hanging the usual time, was taken down and removed in a shell to an adjoining room, where, in the presence of the sheriffs, Mr. Gibson, the surgeon, formally certified that life was extinct. At three o'clock in the afternoon it was buried, in the presence of the under-sheriffs, within the precincts of the prison, in conformity with the terms of the sentence.

ADVANCE OF THE FEDERALS ON THE POTOMAC, AND ENCAMPMENT OF GENERAL MCLELLAN.

The engraving in page 41 represents the advance of General McClellan's army in pursuit of that of the Confederates, which, after the battle of Sharpsburg, crossed the Potomac. The illustration in page 44 is the encampment of the Federal army immediately subsequent to the hard-fought but indecisive battle in Maryland.

The Court.

THE Princess Alexandra of Denmark will arrive in England in about a week, accompanied by her father Prince Christian, and will remain for six weeks, on a private visit to the Queen, at Osborne. On her return from the Continent to Copenhagen last week she was received at the railway terminus by an immense number of people, who loudly cheered her and her august parents. It is understood that the marriage with the Prince of Wales will take place, in London, at the end of March or beginning of April.

The Queen, with the Princess Helena, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, left the palace at Coburg, and travelling through the night arrived at the palace at Laeken, Brussels, at nine o'clock on Saturday morning. The Duchess of Coburg and Gotha accompanied the Queen to the station at Coburg, and there took leave of her Majesty.

In attendance upon her Majesty and the royal family were Lady Churchill, Lady Augusta Bruce, Lieut General the Hon. C. Grey, Lieut.-Colonel du Plat, Dr. Jenner, and Mr. Ruland.

Prince Arthur, attended by Major Elphinstone, left Coburg upon a visit to the Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse, at Darmstadt, and rejoined the Queen at Cologne.

The departure from Brussels of Queen Victoria, intended to take place on Sunday, was suddenly deferred, in consequence of a telegram announcing that the sea was dangerous to cross.

Her Majesty was again detained on Monday at Laeken by the same cause.

HYDE PARK ON SUNDAY.

THE precautions taken on the previous Sunday for the preservation of the peace in Hyde-park were again adopted on Sunday last. Military pickets were stationed at all the entrances to the park, to prevent the ingress of any soldiers not on duty; military and police patrols traversed the park in various directions; while in the barracks attached to the powder magazine were placed strong detachments of the Coldstream, Grenadier, and Fusilier Guards, a company of the 3rd Buffs from the Tower, and a large body of mounted and foot police, under the immediate command of Captain Harris, police-commissioner. These precautions, formidable as they appear, were not altogether unnecessary, inasmuch as during the week information had been conveyed to the authorities that it was the intention of a large body of working men to hold a meeting in the park on Sunday, on the subject of Sir R. Mayne's proclamation, with the view of testing its legality, and that the leaders of Cardinal Wiseman's "dear Irish children," emboldened by the proceedings of their brethren at Birkenhead, had also threatened to attend and prevent such meeting being held. The morning being tolerably fine, soon after two o'clock some 5,000 people had assembled under and around the clump of trees near to Grosvenor-gate. Mingling with the crowd, it became evident, from the conversation taking place in the little knots in which they were assembled, that something was expected to take place. About three o'clock a couple of thousand had been added to the assemblage, and numbers of people were coming along the various paths in the park leading to where the crowd were standing. Fortunately, at this time, as on the previous Sunday, the rain came down very heavily, not only damping the ardour of those assembled, but preventing any large addition to their numbers. A large number still remained on the ground, and began to amuse themselves by "chaffing" the police patrols, and asking "who they were for." The police generally took this in good humour; but one of their number, whose temper had been probably sorely tried by tramping round the wet park, in reply to this interrogatory, saucily put to him by a rough-looking Irishman, rushed from the ranks and, seizing the man by the collar, replied, "For you," at the same time drawing his staff. The man called out "Rescue for the Pope," and a rush of his companions took place to the spot. The police were about drawing their staves when an inspector interfered, and rebuking the man for his folly, ordered a couple of policemen to march him to the park gate, and put him out, which order was complied with amidst much laughter and cheering. This was the nearest approach to actual violence which took place during the afternoon.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

ACCORDING to announcement, some 1,500 volunteers were conveyed on Saturday, by the Great Eastern Railway, to Harwich, for the purpose of being reviewed. The volunteers were carried free by the railway company. Harwich was very prettily decorated generally, but with a taste for printed and posted colloquial observations that turned out rather satirical as one read them on the flags by the light of a pouring wet day. "How's your poor feet?" was the first printed greeting that caught the eye; then, right across a street, was printed at length, "who'd have thought it?" The shipping agents had supplied their stock of flags to decorate the place. Everything and everybody seemed to have made up their minds that the day must be fine. We need not tell the reader these hopes were unrealized. The men were to be reviewed by Colonel Guy, the military commander of the Colchester district. The colonel, after consulting some of the officers of the corps, said he should decline the responsibility of ordering the men out in such weather, and the review was thereupon declared off. Some of the men expressed some discontent at having come so far and done nothing. It is, however, but fair to state that the result of the review would have been a long journey home in wet clothes to the volunteers, scarcely any of them seeming to be provided with cloaks, and a great many even without knickerbockers. As it was, the men had their journey for nothing, but it certainly appeared as if a wet day in the middle of October had not entered into the plans of either men or masters.

NEW AUSTRALIAN CLIPPER SHIP.

THE Royal Family is a new vessel, built by Messrs. Wright, of St. John, N.B.; she is a fine model of marine architecture, and will prove one of the fastest vessels in the Australian trade, for which she is destined. Her internal accommodation and decoration surpass all passenger vessels afloat. (See p. 37.)

CAUTION TO HOTEL KEEPERS.—A GENTLEMAN SWINDLER.—On Friday last a gentleman in appearance took up his quarters in one of our principal hotels, and made himself perfectly at home on Saturday, going out and in, quite at his ease. He breakfasted heartily on Sunday morning, and before going out again ordered dinner against the hour of his returning, but that hour never came round, as, to use a trade expression, he had "sloped," nobody knew where, without paying his bill, and leaving only a few well-worn articles of wearing apparel and a perfumery-case to remunerate mine host for his accommodations and careful attentions. His sudden departure would not have been of so great moment had he not purloined the cashbox of a commercial gentleman staying at the same hotel. The box had been placed by its owner on Saturday night, locked, in a leather hat-box in his bedroom. It was only on going to remove the box on Monday morning that the owner became aware of his removal. It contained about £140 in bills and money.—*Dumfries Standard.*

MURDER OF THE CAPTAIN OF THE CONFEDERATE WAR SHIP SUMTER.—A telegram from Gibraltar says:—"The second officer of the Sumter yesterday (October 16th) murdered the captain at Gibraltar. He has confessed his crime, and is under arrest."

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

IN No. 53 we gave some account, with illustrations, of this rising colony. We now give another view (p. 44), and, quoting from the same admirable little work, "The Handbook of British Columbia," we give a few hints to intending emigrants. As the majority of emigrants to British Columbia will belong to one of two classes—the first capitalists, the second comparatively poor but strong men, going out to seek fortune,—it would appear the best course that the tenour of these observations should be addressed to both. But this is an error. To offer suggestions to capitalist classes would be a waste of time. They have most advantages at their command, and those they have not they can pay for. With the comparatively poor, yet not poverty-stricken, emigrants who go out blessed with determination and strength, it is a different matter.

The emigrant most wanted in British Columbia is the small farmer who in England has been the master of a few acres. The best mode of emigration such a man can adopt is to set out in partnership with several of his own class. The advantages to be derived by such a partnership are that those who compose it will be able to work together, and avoid much outlay for labour, which, in the new colony, is scarce and dear. Labourers in British Columbia are all tending to the gold fields, which are no more productive than the agricultural field will, in its way, soon be,—the rising demand for food in the colony, of course, rising with the population. Many thousands of emigrants will sail for British Columbia with the end of trying their fortunes at gold finding; but as many more will make for the colony led away by the splendid announcements published of the perfection and capabilities of the soil.

Farming in British Columbia, on a large scale, cannot yet be recommended; precisely for the reason we have assigned as that which induces us to recommend all small farmers to emigrate in companies—the great demand for labour, and its small and exorbitantly priced supply. The expense of agriculture on a large scale in British Columbia would be enormous; and again, the circumstances of to-day in a new colony differ widely from those of to-morrow, and, therefore, the agricultural capitalist might find that after vast expense and trouble, the tide of emigration might be turned in another direction than that which it favoured when he made his calculations. He would, consequently, be a great loser. On the other hand, the small farmer would have laid out but the capital of strength, and this he could not lose, while his labour, if not, under such suppressed circumstances, very remunerative, would at least supply him with daily necessities.

The small farmer must sooner or later make money. Such a man can buy land on easy terms, land in the course of a short period must rise very much in value, and which in the course of years he will be able to sell at a good profit. Nor need he pay the entire purchase-money of an estate upon taking possession of it. The Government give every facility for payment by instalment upon the purchase price of four shillings and twopence per acre.

Nor is it absolutely imperative that the emigrant should purchase land. He is able to squat upon unsurveyed lands, and he may rest assured he will obtain a title when they are surveyed. Good land in the neighbourhood of towns is by this time almost wholly appropriated. It seems to be pretty well ascertained that by far the greater portion of all the agricultural land in British Columbia is good, although in many places it is light and sandy. Again, the majority of witnesses speak in favour of the general climate of the colony, both winter and summer. Men fond of sport will not lack for excitement in British Columbia. It has one drawback in the shape of rattlesnakes, which, however, are confined to the interior of the mainland.

The mosquito is very troublesome in low swampy parts, but in all probability it will decrease as agriculture advances.

With respect to the kind of emigrants of value to the colony, it has been said that the most available man, apart from the gold-digger, is the small farmer, who has a little capital and can endure hard work. As to the labour required on the gold fields, it may perhaps be asserted that any moderately strong, willing, healthy, and temperate man will find his account in venturing, with some amount of caution, upon this labour. Another class of emigrants much required in British Columbia is working women. A recent writer on the subject says:—"Maid of all work, I must say, would be quite as welcome as flowers in May, and, indeed, they would very soon become wives of all work; for if there is one thing more that a miner sighs for after a hard day's work, it is to see either his tent, or his log hut, brightened up by the smiles of a woman, and tidied by a woman's hand; for, truth to tell, men themselves are but poor hands at keeping a hut or a tent in order. It is one of the misfortunes of British Columbia in general, and of the mining districts in particular, that they possess few women. Especially at the gold fields, men stand up to look at a woman go past, and I have known the arrival of a fresh female face in a gold digging district create such a stir that the miners have knocked off work for the day, and had a kind of here and there meeting over the event. Whence the new arrival has come—what she is going to do—who has sent for her—has she come of her own accord—and who knows her—these are the questions asked a hundred times over amongst the little groups which assemble on such high days and holidays as those upon which women arrive at the diggings."

A writer in the *Times*, speaking on this subject, says:—"I believe there is not one to every hundred men at the mines; without them the male population will never settle in this country, and innumerable evils are the consequence. A large number of the weaker sex could obtain immediate employment as domestic servants at high rates of wages, with the certainty of marriage in the background. The miner is not very particular—plain, fat, and fifty, even, would not be objected to; while good-looking girls would be the nuggets, and prized accordingly. An emigration of such a character would be as great a boon to the colony as I am sure it would be to the many of the under-paid, under-fed, and over-worked women who drag out a weary existence in the dismal back streets and alleys with which London is crowded."

It is almost impossible to give any very accurate information respecting the expense of reaching British Columbia, or rather Victoria, Vancouver's Island, from England. The intending emigrant must search the second page of the *Times* for information on this point, and it varies daily. The West India Royal Mail Steam Packet Company advertise the overland route in thirty-five days, through to San Francisco, which is considerably below Victoria, at £35 and upwards. The Cyclone, which is to be followed by other vessels belonging to her owners, has just sailed, direct round by Cape Horn, the long route, the fares being, first cabin, fifty guineas; second cabin, thirty-five guineas; third cabin, twenty-five guineas. The overland route is by far the quickest, in fact *via* Panama one may reach the new gold fields in one-fourth the time it takes by the direct—that is, the long route. But on the other hand, by the latter course the traveller avoids crossing Panama and its bay, both of which are horribly unhealthy. Should the intending English emigrant, by the Panama route not leave England till the month of April is ended, we strongly advise him to go by the long route round Cape Horn. By the direct road he would reach Panama just as the unhealthy season is setting in. He would run considerable danger of being seized with yellow fever, which, supervening on a long confined voyage, would be attended with great danger.

Perhaps in this place it will be as well to lay down a few observations with respect to the food of the new emigrant. It is not advisable to consume much of the salmon and other fish which is so plentiful in the colony. Mutton, beef, plain potatoes and bread, tea, and a little spirits, form about the best regimen that can, for a time, be adopted.

Again, addressing intending and working emigrants, it may be said that upon arriving in the colony, their bodies, after the long

sea voyage, are not in a condition to meet the difficulties of a gold miner's work, and therefore it is desirable, if possible, to take a probationary course of lighter work before attention is turned to the gold fields; indeed, all men should be advised not to refuse good wages on their arrival in the colony. Until emigrants become thoroughly acquainted with the labour of the country they are of little value to employers.

With regard to outfit, every miner is recommended, by whichever road he may travel to the Couteau mines, to supply himself well beforehand, as he can depend upon little in that region, save what is imported by himself and others.

The intending emigrant should provide himself before starting out with a store of lime juice, sulphate of quinine, some mercurial preparation, and a half dozen bottles of champagne. The first of these articles is a great health preserver during long voyages, and though unpleasant at first, it soon becomes palatable. The sulphate of quinine is an admirable stimulant, which, if it should do no good, can, by no possibility, cause any harm. It may, however, be the means of preventing yellow fever when the emigrant reaches tropical latitudes. The dose of this medicine is about as much as will lie on a fourpenny-piece, melted in a glass of water with which a few drops of sulphuric acid have been mixed. The mercurial preparation is for use should yellow fever, or its premonitory symptoms, set in. Any druggist should know how to prepare it if told that it is to be used as a preventive to yellow fever. He will give full directions with the medicine. The champagne will, perhaps, save life should the fever really set in. A bottle of champagne is the new and most approved remedy in cases of yellow fever.

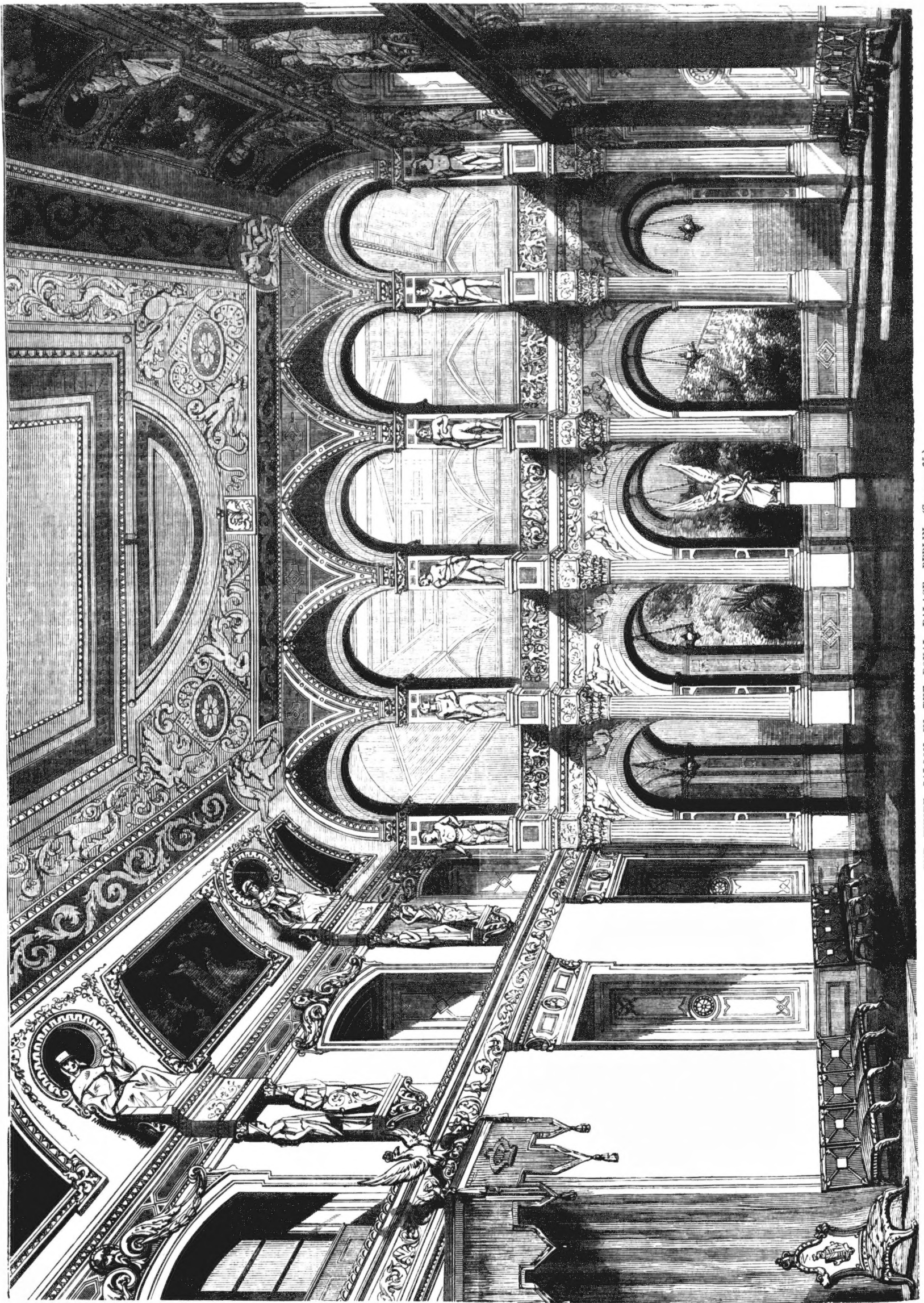
Many emigrants have a desire to take out with them all the tools they have used in England. This is a mistake. The expense of carriage, especially overland, is very considerable. However, favourite tools, if small, should not be left behind. Their features, being old friends, are better with the emigrant than not.

Emigrants may also be assured that economy is a great element of success at the gold fields. To spend money on luxuries at these spots is literally eating gold, so exorbitant have been the charges, even for necessities, on all recent occasions when the supply of all kinds of necessities is not so great as the demand. By temperance and abstinence from gaming, money-making at the British Columbian gold diggings seems almost as certain as any speculation in the world can be.

THE GALE OF SUNDAY NIGHT.

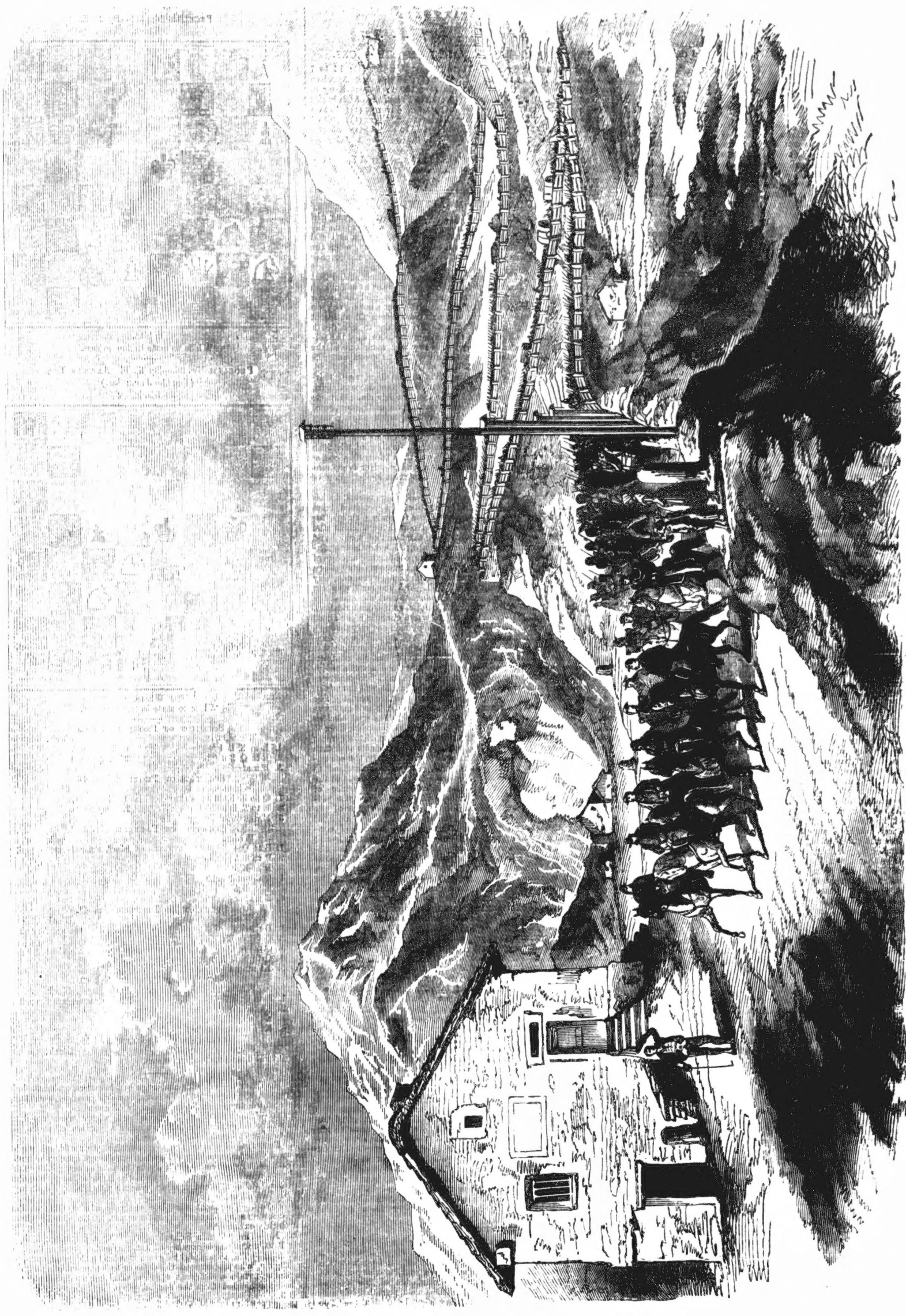
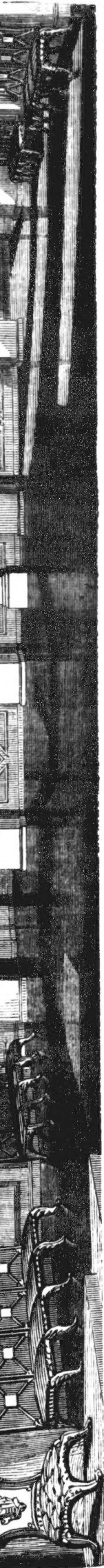
DURING the whole of Sunday night, and up to an advanced hour on Monday morning, an alarming gale raged over London. The wind, which blew from W.S.W., began to increase in violence shortly after five o'clock in the evening, but reached its greatest pressure between nine o'clock and eleven o'clock p.m., as registered by the anemometer of the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade. It was accompanied by a heavy fall of rain. The scene in the different thoroughfares, particularly at Dulwich, Peckham, and Camberwell, was truly alarming. The vast accumulation of water on the high land rushed down the hills with great force, overflowing the market and other gardens, and uprooting and destroying vegetables and shrubs. The low-lying lands adjacent to the Eastern Counties Railway below Stratford were completely covered with water, and considerable damage was done to property, several sheep being drowned near Tottenham. In some instances the roadways in the neighbourhood of Greenwich were so inundated that they were almost impassable, the water rushing into the basement of the houses, and doing much injury. At Sydenham two immense trees by the force of the wind were snapped in two, and falling upon a brick wall levelled about thirty feet of it to the ground, carrying away also a large conservatory attached to a dwelling-house. In the Anerley-road a lofty stack of chimneys was blown from its position, forcing in the roof of the house, but fortunately not injuring any persons. In the same locality the side wall of an unfinished house was forced down with a terrible crash, leaving the remaining portion of the structure in a most dangerous condition. Between ten and eleven o'clock a loud crash was heard in the Camberwell-road, and it was ascertained that a range of lofty chimneys had been blown from the roof of a house, falling upon some out-premises, which were also destroyed. The gale continued to rage up to an early hour on Monday morning. In the Old Kent-road, owing to the driving rain, two cabs came into violent collision, the driver of each, by the force of the concussion, being hurled from his seat. One named Henry Overton, aged thirty-six, had his right arm broken, and the other, named Robert Stevens, aged twenty-nine, received severe injury to his head, so that they were both obliged to be conveyed to the hospital. The occupants of the vehicles, although much bruised and shaken, were not seriously injured. A man named Edward Williamson, a labourer, was proceeding along Kennington-road, when he was dashed to the ground by a zinc chimney, which had been forced from the roof of a house. He was picked up and conveyed to a hospital in an insensible state, his skull being seriously injured, so that he remains in a dangerous condition. Another working man, named Richard Hills, was struck on the right arm by a heavy piece of leaden gutter torn from a housetop in the Clapham-road, and was severely injured. The several London hospitals received and attended many persons who had sustained injuries of a less serious nature from the fall of tiles, &c., owing to the violence of the wind. A serious accident happened in the Westminster-road. A waggon, heavily laden with goods from the railway, was proceeding along, when the wind caught it, and the rope breaking, several bales were blown off, one of which struck the carman hurling him to the ground, causing serious injury to his right leg and shoulder. He was obliged to be conveyed to a surgeon's, and thence to the hospital. The trees and shrubs in the various royal parks were considerably damaged, and in some instances destroyed. The river during the gale presented a most alarming aspect, it being almost impossible for small craft to remain afloat. Between Battersea and Nine Elms two sailing barges came into collision, and great injury was done to both; and below Putney a barge laden with timber struck against another, and shortly afterwards filled and sank, the man on board having a narrow escape. At Battersea, Lambeth, and other low-lying places, the water at high tide was forced over the banks, deluging many warehouses in the lower floors, and destroying a vast amount of property. The shipping in the Pool sustained a deal of damage, the loss of spars and injury to rigging generally being most extensive.

The effects of the gale have been most disastrous at sea. In the Downs, where a large fleet was anchored, Lloyd's agent reports two ships to have gone down at their anchors and the fate of the crew uncertain. The ship *Elizabeth*, bound to Belize from London, is said to have foundered, and it is feared with some of her crew on board. She broke adrift during the height of the gale on Sunday and came into violent collision with two ships, called the *Wellington* and *Ambrosine*, which were lying at anchor at her stern. The bark *Trio*, from Saffi for London, suffered so severely from the fury of the storm, and the sea breaking over her, that she went down at her anchors; but providentially the crew are reported to have been able to save themselves in the boats. A large fleet of disabled vessels have put back; some have gone into Ramsgate, and others have returned to the Thames. The schooner *Charlotte* from Oporto to London, in coming up the Channel, had her commander washed overboard. The *Cupid*, belonging to Goole, was in collision with the ship *City of Pekin* off Folkestone, and foundered. Off Beechy Head the Wesleyan schooner, laden with stone, from Portland to London, was struck by a heavy sea and stone to be abandoned.



THE WHITE SALOON IN THE ROYAL PALACE, BERLIN. (See page 35.)

THE WHITE SALOON IN THE ROYAL PALACE, BERLIN. (See page 35.)



ADVANCE OF THE FEDERALS ON THE POTOMAC AFTER THE MARYLAND BATTLES. (See page 38.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

COVENT GARDEN.—Crowded houses attest the wisdom displayed by the lessees in the nightly change in the performances here. The following operas, from their extensive repertoire, have this week been presented:—"Bohemian Girl," "Lurline," "Crown Diamonds," "Dinorah," "Puritan's Daughter," and the "Rose of Castile."

HER MAJESTY'S is to reopen this evening for five nights, when the "Trovatore," to be succeeded by "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Puritani," "Lucrezia Borgia," and "Norma," will be given. The principal artists are Titiens, Giulini, Badiali, Arditi, and Formes.

DRURY LANE.—The "Colleen Bawn" has been revived, in the hope that in addition to the attractions (?) of the "Relief of Lucknow," larger audiences would be attracted here, but without the anticipated result, the business being far from good.

PRINCESS'S.—This theatre was opened on Monday, under the management of a Mr. Lindus, a gentleman new to the theatrical world, and who is evidently inexperienced. He has gathered together a fair working company, embracing the names of Messrs. George Vining, R. Roxby, H. Marston, Hermann Vezin, and M. Fitzjames; Messdames Buckingham, White, M. Oliver, &c. The pieces selected for the opening were Charles Dance's little comedy of "Delicate Ground," and the characters in it were ably sustained by Miss Oliver, George Vining, and R. Roxby; Sheridan Knowles's play of "Love" followed, which, with its present cast, is not likely to attract. The character of the Countess, one which requires more than ordinary talent to support, was entrusted to Miss Constancy Aylmer, a debutante, who we are compelled to add lacked all capability for the task she had undertaken. Mr. H. Vezin performed the noble part of *Heron*—the character in which Mr. James Anderson, some twenty-two years since, made his first appearance in London—and had not his efforts been marred by the utter incompetency of the lady who enacted the *Countess*, his assumption of the part would have been marked by a more decided success. Mr. H. Marston was a stately and powerful *Duke of Co. i-th-a*. The comedietta of "Perfection," with Miss Oliver as *Kate O'Brien*, concluded the performances.

LYCEUM.—A new farce, called "It must be true," 'twas in the Papers," was produced here on Monday, and met with complete success. It is supported by the talent of Miss Lydia Thompson, Walter Lacy, and J. Robins. It serves as an amusing pendant to the thrilling attractions of the "Peep o' Day."

ADELPHI.—The revival of the "Green Bushes" is likely to prove a good card for the manager. The celebrated character of *Miami*, so identified with the name of Madame Celeste, loses nothing in the hands of Miss Avonia Jones, who now takes it. Miss Woolgar's impersonation of *Nelly* is a most natural and charming performance.

OLYMPIC.—After a fortnight's *absence* Mr. Robson reappeared, on Monday, in his favourite character of *Jem B. ggs*, in the ever attractive "Wandering Minstrel." We have so often enumerated the many strikingly original features of this exceedingly humorous performance, that it is needless to dwell upon it now; suffice it to say that the audience welcomed the shaming musician with the cordiality ever awarded to an old acquaintance, and greeted the many absurdities of the character with reiterated shouts of laughter. The pleasant drama of "All that Glitters is not Gold" concluded the entertainments.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Mr. Phelps is playing here in a short series of farewell performances. On his re-appearance on Monday night, as *Richelieu*, Mr. Phelps received a perfect ovation from his old admirers, on his return to this, the scene of his many triumphs. On page 45 is a portrait and memoir of Mr. Phelps.

CITY OF LONDON.—The enterprising lessees have engaged Mr. G. V. Brooks for a series of representations of his most celebrated characters. The houses have been crowded to overflowing, to witness the impersonations of this talented tragedian.

BARRY SULLIVAN has created an immense sensation in Australia. The Melbourne press speak in the most glowing terms of his talents.

THE EX-QUEEN OF NAPLES.

THE brief announcement which we made last week, of the flight of Marie Sophie Amelia, and of her having sought in a convent refuge from the ill-treatment of her husband, has been confirmed. Thus ends the short career of the heroine of Gaeta, the female champion of legitimacy, and the recipient of so many wreaths of laurel from the hands of an admiring nobility. Ugly rumours had long been afloat at Munich respecting a marked dissension between the royal couple, and it was noticed that, while the Court remained in the town, the Neapolitan ex-Queen kept herself secluded in a neighbouring chateau, steadily refusing to participate in the pleasures of the society of which she had been a brilliant and lively member only a short time since. The courtiers were startled by the news that the ex-Queen had suddenly disappeared from the palace of Biedstein, giving the slip to her Neapolitan attendants, and leaving behind her no trace of the direction in which she had gone. A few hours later the mystery was solved. The King of Bavaria, it appears, as the chief of the dynasty to which the unhappy lady belongs, received a letter from his royal cousin, intimating her intention to retire to Augsburg, and spend the rest of her days among the pious sisters of a convent. As for her motives in taking this desperate step, none were probably contained in the letter, the King and the Court being long acquainted with the series of circumstances finally resulting in her flight. From the very beginning of her marriage, it is said, she found it a hard task to respect a husband who, owing to his natural defects, proved as little the consort of a queen as the father of his people; and while everything went wrong at the Court and in the country, the young lady, who is hardly out of her teens, and of a nature keenly alive to the enjoyments of youth, found herself fettered in the iron gyves of a Spanish ceremonial, which did not allow her to breathe without permission, and reckoned it a mortal sin to sneeze without a couple of ladies-in-waiting to assist. And this ceremonial her husband kept up, even after every other attribute of royalty had vanished. On the very day of her arrival at Munich, the ex-Queen furnished an occasion for public scandal by addressing a former lady-in-waiting whom she chanced to meet in the royal palace. Instantly one of her saffron-coloured Neapolitan countess-duennas pounced upon the royal victim, screaming out, in the presence of the lacqueys and valets, "Your Majesty, you forget yourself." As similar scenes became more frequent in the course of her stay, public sympathy with the beautiful princess, once being aroused, was not long in tracing out the sad realities of her position. She had left home against the will of her husband. She had declared, on her arrival at Munich, that nothing would induce her to return to Rome and the intolerable society of the man to whom she had been handed over by the pride of an ambitious mother. The Count and Countess of Trani, brother and sister-in-law of the King, were sent after her to shake her resolution; but, although their efforts were assisted by the remonstrances of her Bavarian family, the Queen remained firm, and even warned her relatives that she would prefer taking the veil to having any further communication with Neapolitan royalty. Finding herself pressed harder and harder, she took the first step towards the irrevocable decision, and actually ran away to offer herself as a lay sister to the famous convent of the Ursulines. The day after her hasty departure the King and Queen of Bavaria paid her a visit in her self-elected asylum. Her mother, too, called, but with no satisfactory result.

Sporting.

RACING FIXTURES

OCTOBER.
Newmarket H 27

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S ON THE RACES.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES.—11 to 1 agst Umpire (t); 14 to 1 agst Limosina (t); 14 to 1 agst Dictator (t); 16 to 1 agst Aurelian (off); 100 to 6 agst Queen of Spain (t); 100 to 6 agst King of Diamonds; 20 to 1 agst Conqueror (t); 25 to 1 agst Ace of Clubs (t); 25 to 1 agst Myrtle (t); 30 to 1 agst Queen of Trumps (t); 33 to 1 agst Bathilde (t); 33 to 1 agst the Clarissa colt, 4 yrs (t); 40 to 1 agst Gorse (t); 40 to 1 agst Lady Ripon (t); 45 to 1 agst Stradella (t); 50 to 1 agst Clarissa colt, 3 yrs (off); 1,000 to 15 agst Tolarno; 1,000 to 10 agst Warmaster.

DERBY.—22 to 1 agst Hospodar (t); 40 to 1 agst Rapid Rhone (t); 40 to 1 agst Taje (t); 50 to 1 agst Cairncastle (t); 1,000 to 15 agst Deerswood (t).

DEATH FROM ARSENIC.

At an adjourned inquest, relating to the death of a young girl named Elizabeth Anne Abdela, Dr. Letheby read a report on the subject of arsenic used in the colouring of ladies' dresses, artificial flowers, &c. The inquest was opened on a previous day, when the following evidence was taken by Mr. John Humphreys, the coroner presiding.

Elizabeth Abdela, of 15, Whitecross-place, Shoreditch, stated that she was the wife of James Abdela, who was assistant at a Turkish bath. The deceased girl was her daughter. The girl had some artificial grapes given to her by a little girl about nine o'clock on the evening of Sunday, the 28th ult., and was taken ill at about a quarter past eleven the same night. Previously to her death the girl complained of pains in the abdomen. She died the following day at one o'clock. The witness saw her suck one of the grapes soon after they were given to her. It was green, and she sucked the entire of the green stuff off it.

Elizabeth Hall, of Masham-place, Whitecross-place, aged thirteen years stated that she was a companion of the deceased girl, and had given her the grapes spoken of by Mrs. Abdela. Witness worked for Mrs. Chappell haberdasher, who lived at the corner of Clifton-street and her mistress gave her the grapes, saying they were of no use to her.

Mr. Chandler, surgeon, stated that he was called to see the deceased girl at half-past seven o'clock on the morning of the 29th ult. He saw her soon afterwards. She was then insensible, comatose and she died in the course of the morning. Her symptoms were those of poisoning. He made a post mortem examination of the body.

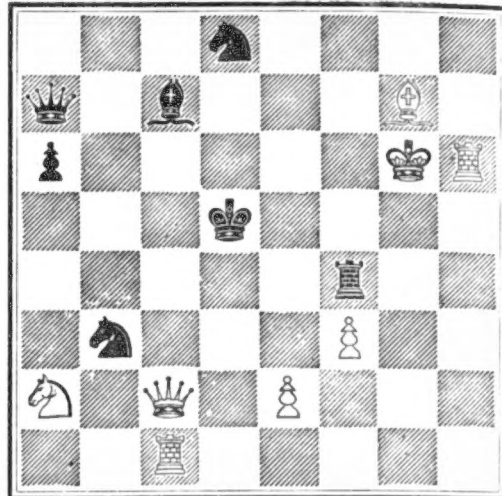
Dr. Letheby was sworn, and read the following report as his evidence in the case:—"On Friday, October 3, I received from Edward Waller, the coroner's constable, the following things for examination:—1, a bottle containing the stomach of a child and a piece of intestine; 2, a bottle containing the heart of a child and a piece of liver with the gall bladder attached; 3, a bottle containing the gall bladder of a child; 4, a bottle containing a piece of lung and about half an ounce of blood; 5, a box containing green and blue and pinkish artificial grapes. All these were carefully examined, with the following results:—1. The stomach was cut open, and its contents were gone. The mucous coat was stained in several places of a dark reddish brown colour, as if from irritation. At the larger end of the stomach there was a chronic ulcer about one-third of an inch in diameter, which had pierced entirely through the walls of the stomach. The tissues of the stomach were examined for poison, but none was found. The piece of intestine was about six inches in length. It was not opened, but its contents were secured by ligatures at each end. It contained about a tablespoonful of thick matter, highly tainted with bile. Search was made for solid particles of glass, &c., and the whole was examined for poison, but, as in the last case, without positive result. The contents of the second bottle were then examined. The heart was cut open and appeared to be free from disease. The gall bladder contained a large quantity of bile; this, with the piece of liver to which it was attached, was examined for poison, and distinct traces of arsenic were discovered. The contents of the third and fourth bottles were also tested. No poison was found. Lastly, the colouring matter of the artificial grapes and leaves was submitted to analysis. The blue and pink grapes were free from poison, but the green ones were covered with arsenical green (arsenite of copper). Ten of the grapes yielded three grains of the poisonous pigment; and a hand to the coroner a specimen of the metallic arsenic obtained from a single grape. The artificial leaves are also stained with arsenical green. Each leaf contains about a grain and half of the poisonous pigment; and I hand in a specimen of the metallic arsenic obtained from a single leaf. The quantity of poison in one leaf is perhaps sufficient to kill a child. The result of this examination is, that, although no trace of arsenic has been discovered in the tissues of the stomach and intestines, yet from the presence of a distinct trace in the bile and liver it is evident that arsenic had been taken during life and absorbed into the system. The giving way of the ulcer in the stomach might have been due to the irritation of the poison during life, or it might have been a post mortem result; but I do not think from the symptoms described to me that it was the actual cause of the child's death. I attribute this rather to the poison. In the month of November, 1840, I was consulted in a case very similar to this, where a child died from the effects of arsenical green on the paper of the cupboard where its toys were kept. Two children were made ill by it, and one of them died. The case was the subject of an inquest. On that occasion I ascertained that the paper contained nearly thirteen grains of arsenical green in a piece of six inches square—a quantity sufficient to kill at least two persons. In many other instances I have found a like proportion of poisonous pigment upon such paper; and it is to be regretted that the dangerous use of such a pigment should continue to be practised. A wreath of fifty green leaves may contain poison enough to kill ten persons; and a green tarlatan dress of twenty yards would contain about nine hundred grains of white arsenic; and, considering how loosely the poison is attached, it is marvellous that very serious results do not often occur from it. It has been affirmed by a Berlin physician who has inquired into this matter that a lady's dress might give off sixty grains of the poisonous pigment in the course of a single evening—scattering a dust of poison in the air of a ball-room. It is time that some measures should be adopted for the prevention of this practice. I think it right to say that there is a very easy means of discovering whether a green is poisonous or not. A drop of a strong solution of ammonia put upon the colour will acquire a deep blue if copper is present, and copper is rarely present without arsenic."

The jury found "That the deceased, Elizabeth Ann Abdela, had been poisoned by sucking arsenite of copper from artificial grapes."

AN ELECTOR'S ARGUMENT.—The following is a literal fact, and occurred not a hundred miles from this good town of Reading. A member of parliament was called on by a tradesman from a distant part of the county for an order or work in a particular department. The tradesman having no personal knowledge of his desired customer, nor any recommendatory introduction, sent his business card, writing at the foot the following significant hint:—"Too (two) votes for county."—*Berk's Chronicle*.

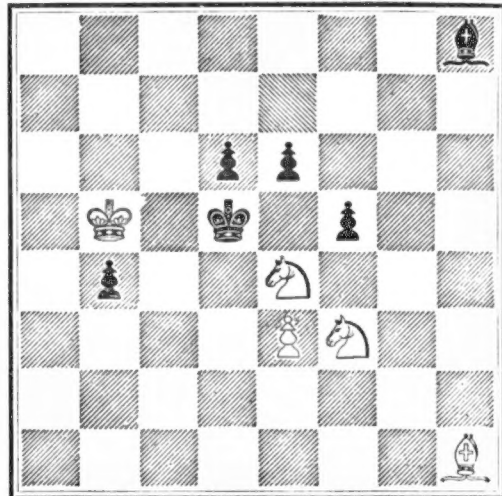
Chess.

PROBLEM No. 65.—By A. K. Black.



White.
White to mate in five moves.

PROBLEM No. 66.—By K. W. HAWKES, Esq. (For the Juveniles.) Black.



White.
White to mate in three moves.

- SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 45. Black.
1. R to K B 4
2. R to Q B 4
3. B mates
- SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 46. Black.
1. R takes Q
2. Any move
- SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 47. Black.
1. B to Q 4
2. P to B 4
3. R to K 2
4. P takes P (ch)
5. B to B 5
6. B mates
- SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 48. Black.
1. B checks
2. Q takes Kt
3. Q takes Q
4. Q to K R 2
5. Kt mates
- SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 49. Black.
1. B to Q R 7
2. Kt to Q 5
3. Kt to Q Kt 6
4. Kt discovers mate
- SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 50. Black.
P to R 4, and mates next move.

E. H. HEATH.—W W.'s challenge had been responded to before the receipt of your letter. We have, however, inserted a challenge below which will no doubt bring plenty of answers.

TYRO.—The omissions to which you allude were accidental. You will observe that we have supplied a portion of them. We hope to give the remainder next week.

J. REEVES.—If you will favour us with your address, we will forward your letter to E. H., whose challenge appears below.

W. S.—Many chess players agree in pronouncing the King's Knight's opening to be stronger than the King's Bishop's opening. Philidor held a different opinion placing the Bishop's opening at the head of all others.

F. JOYCE.—The most complete analysis of the Giuoco Piano has been given by Jaenisch in his treatise. The opening there is thoroughly exhausted.

H. M.—The "Berlin Schachzeitung" was commenced in the year 1846, under the editorship of Dr. Bledow.

C. A. H.—The two Knights' game was first extensively analyzed by Bilguer, who pronounced the defence to be unsound. The best players entertain a different opinion, thinking no disadvantage is to be apprehended from the second player's third move of Kt to K B 3.

E. H. H. will be happy to play a game of chess by correspondence. Address, care of the Editor.

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
GUILDHALL.

A FOOLISH GIRL.—Mary Taylor, a respectably-dressed person, who has been under remand for a week on a charge of attempting suicide by throwing herself from the steps of Blackfriars-bridge, was brought up for further examination. Alderman Allen, addressing the prisoner's mother, said he should like to know what means the mother had of taking care of her daughter. The mother said she had five children, but no husband, and she got her living at the wash-tub. Alderman Allen said from the appearance of the prisoner he could see she would not work at the wash-tub, and he thought it would be better to detain her for another week. The prisoner said she had not done any harm to any one else. Alderman Allen said it was the duty of the magistrate to protect her against herself. The mother begged the magistrate to let her take her daughter with her. Alderman Allen declined to do so, whereupon the prisoner turned upon her heel, and as she tripped down the stairs of the dock, said, "Mother, write to Charlie." Alderman Allen asked who "Charlie" was? Springate, the gaoler, said "Charlie" was a young man in Essex, with whom she had been living. The prisoner was then remanded.

INCARCERATING A BARBER.—Mr. Cole, a barber, was charged with assaulting a jeweller, named Christopher Walton, of Ludgate-hill, and with breaking a pane of glass in his shop. The defendant went to the complainant's shop to speak to him about a ring which he had purchased for him, and an altercation took place between them, when Mr. Cole told the complainant he would not pay £2 10s., the amount of the invoice, and would not pay the 8s. 6d. which the jeweller demanded. Mr. Cole then threw down the ring, and was going to leave the shop, when the complainant went to the door and took hold of it in order to prevent him from leaving. Mr. Cole, however, got out of the shop and pulled the door after him, in doing which he hurt the complainant's finger, that had got between the door and the doorknob. He also broke a plate glass pane, the value of which the complainant said was about £8 or £10. The witnesses who were called for the complainant could not say whether the damage was done by accident or not. Mr. Alderman Allen said whatever the dispute might have been about, the complainant had no right to detain the defendant for his claim, particularly as he knew his address, and had a civil remedy. Being wrong, therefore, in the first instance, he was himself the cause of the damage and the assault he complained of, and there was not a shadow of foundation for charging the defendant with such an offence. It was a most groundless charge, and he could only express his surprise and regret that Mr. Cole should have been subjected to the degradation of being locked up at the police-station and searched like a felon. This circumstance, he would take care, should be further inquired into. Mr. Cole left the court amidst cheers.

A KIDNAPED IRISH LAD.—John Pantony, who said he was the son of a farmer at Tallaght, and nephew of the Mayor of Droghda, a hearty lad of 18, was brought up by the master of the City of London Union for the purpose of being passed as a pauper to his native place in Ireland. The lad said he ran away from home and came up to London with another boy to see the Exhibition. He lost his companion, and had spent his money, and then applied to the union to be sent back. He admitted that he had obtained money for his excursion by robbing his mamma of £8. The alderman refused to allow the boy to be passed, and said he might get home to his mamma as he could. It would never do to send home every runaway boy that might think it to come to London for his pleasure. The officers of the union are directed to communicate with his friends, and in the meantime to give him the most meagre fare allowed by the regulations of the house.

ROBBERIES BENEATH THE GALLONS.—William Lane, a young fellow, who was dressed as a seaman, and described himself as a watchmaker, was charged before Mr. Alderman Mechi with stealing a watch, value £4, from the person of Thomas Green Beaumont, under the following circumstances:—The prosecutor said he was employed in a manufacturing firm in Yorkshire, and being up in London on Monday morning, he started out with three gentlemen and a female friend to go and see the woman Wilson hanged at Newgate. On arriving at the top of the Old Bailey he suddenly found the prisoner close to him with his (prosecutor's) watch in his hand, and in the act of biting off the swivel to detach it from the guard. He seized his arm, but not before he got it behind him and passed the watch to some one in the crowd. When taken into custody the prisoner's teeth were bleeding. Ellen Darlington said she was staying at the same hotel with the prosecutor. She went out to witness the execution, and was present when the prisoner snatched the watch. She saw the guard drop from the prisoner's right hand. Springate, the gaoler, said the prisoner had been in custody at this court before, and had only recently come out of prison. Mr. Alderman Mechi said it was very questionable conduct on the part of the prosecutor in taking a young woman to an execution, particularly the execution of a female; but it was no justification for the prisoner's robbing him of his watch, and if the witnesses were residents in London he would certainly commit the case for trial. Under the circumstances he should send the prisoner for three months to the House of Correction, with hard labour. Richard Evans, a costermonger, was charged with stealing a gold pin from the prosecutor's scarf. Edgar Weston, an ironmonger, of Calcutta, in Westminster, said he was at the execution in the Old Bailey, when he lost his pin, which was stolen from his scarf by the prisoner. Sergeant Cooke, of the B division, said the prisoner was a most notorious character. He was a garrotter, and many of his associates had been transported. Mr. Alderman Mechi committed the prisoner for three months.

WESTMINSTER.

EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE OF FELONY.—Charles Stevenson, described as a beer-house keeper, was placed at the bar, charged with stealing a piece of beef, value 5s. George Symonds, the son of the proprietor of a butcher's shop in the Fulham-road, said that the prisoner came there on Saturday night and bought a piece of beef—in payment for which he held a sovereign in his hand; but, upon witness turning his back, prisoner walked out of the shop without paying for the beef. Witness followed and gave him in charge. Prisoner then struck him twice on the head with an umbrella. Mr. Lewis, jun., appeared for the prisoner, and cross-examined the witness, who said "Prisoner dealt with us for a long time, but not within the last six months. He has run bills at our shop, and always paid them. He does not owe us anything that I am aware of. Our clerk was present. Prisoner never asked credit by saying, 'I can't pay for this now.' My father told me he was going to pay ready money for the beef. I did not hear him say to the clerk, 'My wife owes for a leg of mutton, and I will pay for both things together.' Prisoner had a sovereign in his hand. He threatened to take proceedings against me when I gave him in charge. Thomas Symonds, father of the last witness, said that he went into the shop hearing an altercation there, and saw the prisoner, who said he wanted the piece of beef. Prosecutor refused to give him credit, and prisoner said he did not want trust, and produced a sovereign to pay for the beef. After that, he would neither give him back the beef or the money. Cross-examined by Mr. Lewis, jun., he said he could have got the money for the beef, after prisoner had taken it, there would have been an end of the matter, and I should not have brought him here; the prisoner was drunk, very drunk; if he had been sober I probably should have trusted him with the meat, but as he was drunk I, of course, would not. Police-constable Slade, 402 B, proved that the prisoner was much intoxicated. Mr. Lewis addressed the magistrate for his client, and said there was no pretext for charging him with felony. He was well known at the shop, had always paid his way, and according to prosecutor's own account would have had credit given him this time had he been sober. He had walked away with this meat, without the least disguise, and having honestly paid his former bills, probably, in his intoxication, considered himself entitled to credit. His threats and violence at the station-house were the result of considering himself unjustly given into custody. His intoxication was the best and only excuse for that. If he had threatened he had no no idea of doing any one any harm. He was discharged from the imputation of felony, but fined 10s., or seven days, for the assault on the butcher's son, and 40s. each for assaults on two constables, or fourteen days.

OLVERKENWELL.

SEDUCTION AND BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.—Henry Swain, a carman, residing at 15, Archway-place, Highgate, was summoned before Mr. D'Eyncourt, by Emma Glover, of 11, Alma-road, Highgate-hill, to show cause why he should not contribute towards the support of an illegitimate child to which she had given birth, and of which she alleged him to be the father. Mr. Thomas Wakeling, solicitor, who attended for the complainant, said this was a most heartless case of seduction, and his client had been deceived by the promises of the defendant that he would marry her. It appeared that the complainant had known the defendant for nearly five years, and during that time they had kept company together, and he had several times promised her marriage. The first connection between the parties occurred at her father's house, on the 28th of September, 1861, that being the complainant's birthday. (A laugh.) The connection continued from time to time, the defendant promising to marry her, until a week before the child was born. The complainant then said to the defendant, "Whatever shall I do, Harry, I have no money at all, and I cannot have a doctor?" The defendant told her he would pay for that; and, upon her asking him what she should do after that, he said he should keep her and the child too. The complainant then said, "What will my father say when he knows of it—he won't have me at home?"

The defendant told her she could go home with him. On the 21st of June, 1862, the complainant gave birth to a female child at her father's house and on the day of her confinement the defendant was met by the complainant's sister, and she said, "Harry, you know very well that you are the father of the child." He said he knew that, and also said that he intended marrying her as soon as she got about. After that he went and saw the complainant, gave her money, and said he only wanted to see her up again, and then it would be all right. After that he gave her money, but had since discontinued it, and as he said he would have nothing more to do with her the present proceedings were taken. The complainant, an interesting young girl, and her sister, confirmed Mr. Wakeling's statement in every particular. The defendant said he did not wish to ask any questions. He did not deny that he was the father of the child, but contented himself with abusing the complainant, and said that she had been in love with some other man. (A laugh.) The complainant's father proved that the defendant had promised to marry the complainant. Mr. D'Eyncourt said there could be no doubt about the matter, and made an order on the defendant for the payment of 2s. 6d. per week for the support of the child, and allowed full costs.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

SERVE THEM RIGHT!—William Budd, 11, Grafton-street, and Hector and Frederick Nelson, 4, Clapham-terrace, described as gentlemen, and who at the station-house gave fictitious names, were brought before Mr. Knox charged with assaulting the police. Police-sergeant Horsey, 6 C, said at about six o'clock on the previous afternoon the defendants were creating a disturbance in Hemming's-row, and on proceeding to the spot he was informed by a tradesman that the defendants had broken one of his windows. He civilly requested the defendants to discontinue the noise they were making, and to go away. One of the defendants immediately knocked off his hat, and then struck him a violent blow on the head, which caused him great pain. The other two then closed on him and threw him down, and while on the ground he received several kicks. Several people round them called out "Assist the police!" and one or two of the crowd did give assistance until some constables arrived, and the defendants were overpowered and lodged in the station-house. The defendant Budd said he had been dining with the uncle of his two companions in the Hay-market, and was not conscious of having acted in the way described. He had lost his purse, which contained about £2 in gold. The two other defendants (Nelson) made no defence; one of them said he, too, had lost his purse. Mr. Knox said it was a very serious charge against persons in the position of the defendants, for acting in a disorderly manner and assaulting a police-constable in the execution of his duty. For the damage he should fine the defendant Hector Nelson 1s. and 4s. for the witness. The evidence proved that the defendants by their disorderly conduct collected a crowd; the constable, Horsey, went up to them and requested them to desist, when he was knocked down and kicked. The police must be protected while doing their duty. With what face could he as a magistrate send some wretched drunken creatures to prison for a similar offence if he did not deal in the same way with persons in the situation of life of the defendants? A more unprovoked assault on a discreet and an inoffensive officer, who was doing no more than his duty, he had never heard of, and he should therefore commit all the defendants to prison for one month each. The defendants appeared astounded at the sentence. Shortly afterwards Mr. Edward Lewis and Mr. Wontner, and the uncle of two of the defendants, came into court. The two professional gentlemen made a strong appeal to the magistrate to have the imprisonment commuted to a fine. Mr. Knox said he was not sure he was doing right, but in consideration of the defendants' friends and the statement that the present might be considered their first offence, he would reduce the imprisonment to one week.

WORSHIP STREET.

A DISGRACE TO THE FAMILY.—Charles Collins, a well-dressed youth, about 16 years of age, was charged with robbing furnished lodgings. This case was first brought before the court on the 15th ult., when a Mrs. Wragg, residing in Essex-street, Bethnal-green-road, stated that the prisoner engaged a sleeping apartment at her house in the early part of the month, and left after the lapse of four days, that on the following morning she missed from a trunk, which had been found open, a quantity of wearing apparel, value between £3 and £4, her husband's property; and a little girl, who was the only person in the house when prisoner left, deposed that she saw him go out with a carpet bag, and a screwdriver produced was stated to have been seen in his possession previously. Marks on the trunk showed clearly it had been opened with it. The charge was stoutly denied, and prisoner was remanded. A second case was now brought forward, by the evidence in which it appeared that another lodger in the same house, named Thomas Williams, had been robbed of an entire suit of clothes, besides boots and other articles, on the very morning that the prisoner made off. The loss in this instance was, of course, of corresponding value to the other, so that the thief, in the short space of his sojourn, had stolen to the value of £8; and a pawnbroker produced some of the clothing pledged in the name of Collins. Sergeant Chapman, 27 K, who apprehended the prisoner at another lodging in the same street as that where the robbery had been committed, said he had strong belief the remainder of the property would be discovered; and a witness named Andrews proved the screwdriver to have been in the possession of the prisoner. The parents and relatives of the prisoner were present, and it was mentioned that he had left a respectable home about a month since, in consequence of some trifling quarrel with his father. The prisoner admitted the charge, and was fully committed for trial at the sessions.

THAMES.

A WICKED YOUNG MIXX.—Sarah Evans, age 17, a servant girl, and Joseph Thomas, a smith, aged 30, were brought up on remand before Mr. Selfe, the former charged with stealing a cash-box, containing £4 10s., two cotton dresses, three petticoats, and other articles, the property of Mrs. Mary Marshall, a schoolmistress, residing at No. 2, Thomas-street, Stalbury-road, Poplar, and the other with receiving £4 of the stolen money, with a gully knowledge. Mr. Charles Young, solicitor, conducted the prosecution; Mr. Smith defended Evans; and Mr. Stoddart appeared for Thomas, who had been at large on his own recognisances for a week. It appeared that the female prisoner was formerly in the service of Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins, of No. 1, Boundary-place, Poplar, and that Mrs. Marshall was in the habit of visiting them. On the 21st of August last, Mrs. Marshall paid a visit to Mr. Hutchins, and took with her a little girl, her daughter. Before leaving home she placed two cotton dresses, a merino petticoat, and three other petticoats across a chair in her back parlour, and in the folds of the garments, carefully secreted, she deposited a cash box, containing £4 10s. in gold, a gold ring, and a brooch. In the evening about six o'clock, Mrs. Marshall requested the prisoner to go to her house in Thomas-street and take care of it until her return, and take the little girl with her to bear her company. Mrs. Marshall returned to her home about ten o'clock at night, and the prisoner came running to the door and said, "Oh! master, I have had such a great fright; I saw a man looking over the garden at me." Mrs. Marshall said, "Oh! nonsense, you are always telling me some idle story," and went into her house, which the prisoner quitted. A few minutes afterwards Mrs. Marshall noticed that the window of the back parlour was open, and missed the dresses and petticoats, the cashbox in which they were enveloped, and several other things. On the following morning Mrs. Marshall explained to the prisoner how she had been robbed, but did not suspect her. The girl expressed great surprise. On Thursday, the 9th inst., the prisoner was a witness against a lad named John Barron, who was charged with breaking thirty-eight panes of glass in the house of her master, Mr. Hutchins. The girl swore positively that she saw Barron a few minutes after six o'clock on the previous evening throwing stones at her master's windows. Mr. Stoddart called witnesses who proved the lad was elsewhere at the time. The girl was disbelieved and the accused was discharged. On the same night, and on the night before, stones were thrown at Mrs. Marshall's windows and several panes of glass broken. The prisoner was detected in the act of throwing stones at the windows on the evening of the 9th inst., taken into custody, and confronted with Mrs. Marshall, who said to her, "Sarah, how could you be so wicked as to do this after destroying your master's windows?" The prisoner equivocated, and said, "A girl with me did it." Mrs. Marshall said, "I must have a policeman." The girl then admitted she had broken the window, and was directly taxed with committing the robbery on the 21st of August last, with stealing a sovereign which Mrs. Marshall missed some time ago, and with having robbed her master, Mr. Hutchins, immediately after the death of his wife, and before her funeral. The prisoner, after considerable provocation and hesitation, admitted having committed all the robberies and broken her master's windows. She also said that a man with whom she was acquainted instigated her to commit the robbery on the 21st of August, took four sovereigns out of the cashbox, and gave her a half-sovereign, and threatened to kill her if she ever divulged to any one what they had done. Mr. Stoddart said there was not a particle of truth in her statement that the prisoner Thomas, who had been arrested on her information, had instigated her to rob her mistress and demanded £4 of the money, which she said she gave him. He did not know the girl, and never saw her before. He was a married man of great respectability, and his misters, Messrs. Bradshaw and Wilton, shipbuilders, were there to give him a good character. Mr. Selfe discharged Thomas. The prisoner, who sobbed loudly, said she was "Guilty." Mr. Smith was anxious to say a few words for the prisoner before she was sentenced. She had been well educated and was respectably connected. She had conducted herself well until she formed an intimacy with a man who had seduced

her. She was now in the family way by him. The girl assured him and assured her parents that she had been instigated to commit the robberies by the man, who threatened to kill her if she did not get him money. He (Mr. Smith) did not think the girl would have acted as she had done if she had not been misled by some designing villain. Mr. Selfe said: I don't believe the story told by the girl. She may have formed an improper connexion with some man, but he would not have known a cash-box was wrapped up in some dresses, or that six sovereigns were deposited in a drawer in Mrs. Marshall's dwelling, or that the girl's mistress was dead, and property of value in the room where the body of Mrs. Hutchins was lying. There was an amount of wickedness on the part of the girl which was quite shocking. A young and intelligent girl, the daughter of Mrs. Marshall, was then questioned by Mr. Selfe, and said there was no man in the house on the 21st of August. The prisoner sent her out to buy apples. No man gave her money to buy apples. The prisoner said a man gave the little girl a penny to buy apples. She has been lying throughout, and is not to be believed. She names a person here and then charges some one else. I should be doing this prisoner no good and acting with injustice to others if I did not sentence her to the full penalty of the law as far as it is entrusted to me. The prisoner is sentenced to be imprisoned for six months and kept to hard labour.

SOUTHWARK.

AN IMPUDENT PICKPOCKET.—William Waite, a young fellow about 18, was brought before Mr. Burcham, charged with stealing a silk handkerchief, the property of Henry Souter, under the following circumstances: City Police-constable Best 461, said he was on duty in King William-street about nine o'clock, when he saw the prisoner follow several gentlemen in a very suspicious manner. Witness watched him to London-bridge, and saw him go behind the prosecutor, lift up the tail of his coat, and draw a silk handkerchief from his pocket. Witness at once secured him as he was in the act of running away. Prisoner: Me running away? Why, I never touched the gentleman, and never had his handkerchief at all. I was walking along as innocent as a baby might. The constable positively swore that the prisoner lifted up the gentleman's coat, and pulled out the handkerchief as cleverly as possible. Witness knew him to be a thief as soon as he clapped eyes on him. Prisoner: That's a lie. I am as honest as you. I never priggled the gentleman's handkerchief, and never snatched any rabbit pie (laughter). The prosecutor was here called, and said that he did not know he was robbed until the constable stopped him, and then he missed his handkerchief and saw the prisoner in custody. The prisoner again declared that he was innocent, and that all the constable had stated was false, when Mr. Burcham told him that the evidence was so conclusive, that he was bound to commit him for trial. Committed accordingly.

HAMMERSMITH.

THREATENING LETTER ADDRESSED TO PRINCE LOUIS BONAPARTE.—Edward Lorier, a Frenchman, aged 43, described as a professor of languages, of No. 74, Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road, was charged with writing a threatening letter to Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte. The letter in question contained phrases of an indecent character, and an expression to the following effect: "Know, then, that death shall know you, notwithstanding you belong to a family of perjurers and assassins." The prisoner pleaded "Guilty." He was in misery at the time he wrote the letter; he was new very sorry for what he had done, and was anxious to be discharged upon entering into his own recognisances, as he said he should never be able to provide sureties. The prince having waived his claim to have the prisoner bound over with sureties, he was discharged upon entering into his own recognisances in the sum of £100, and upon paying the costs.

CHARGE OF BEING DRUNK AND INCAPABLE.—Mr. Joseph Good, a gentleman, was charged with being drunk and incapable at eleven o'clock on Sunday night, in High-street, Notting-hill. In answer to the charge the prisoner said it was an unintentional mistake on the part of the constable who took him. Mr. Ingham (to the constable): How do you know the prisoner was drunk? Constable: He could not walk. The prisoner: Quite true, I could not walk. Constable: He smelt strongly of liquor. Mr. Ingham: Was it from water or milk? Constable: From gin, sir. Mr. Ingham: Could he talk rationally? Constable: He talked like a drunken man. When I inquired for his name he said it was Lord John Russell. (Laughter.) Mr. Ingham: How long was he in custody before he was bailed out? Constable: He was bailed out at seven o'clock this morning. The prisoner then entered into a statement to the effect that he resided at Watford, in Hertfordshire, and that he and his family had sixteen glasses of old wine among them at dinner on Sunday. He went to church in the evening, and he afterwards accompanied his son to London. He was suffering from a complaint in his legs, and he was often obliged to sit down. The son was called, and he stated that his father was sober when he left him in an omnibus at High-street at half-past ten o'clock. Mr. Ingham thought the evidence was too strong, and fined him five shillings for being tipsy. A gentleman then stepped forward and said he had known Mr. Good for twenty years and never saw him under the influence of drink. He thought the constable had made a mistake. The witness made an observation in a low tone of voice, upon which Mr. Ingham placed his hand upon his head and said that accounted for it, and discharged the prisoner.

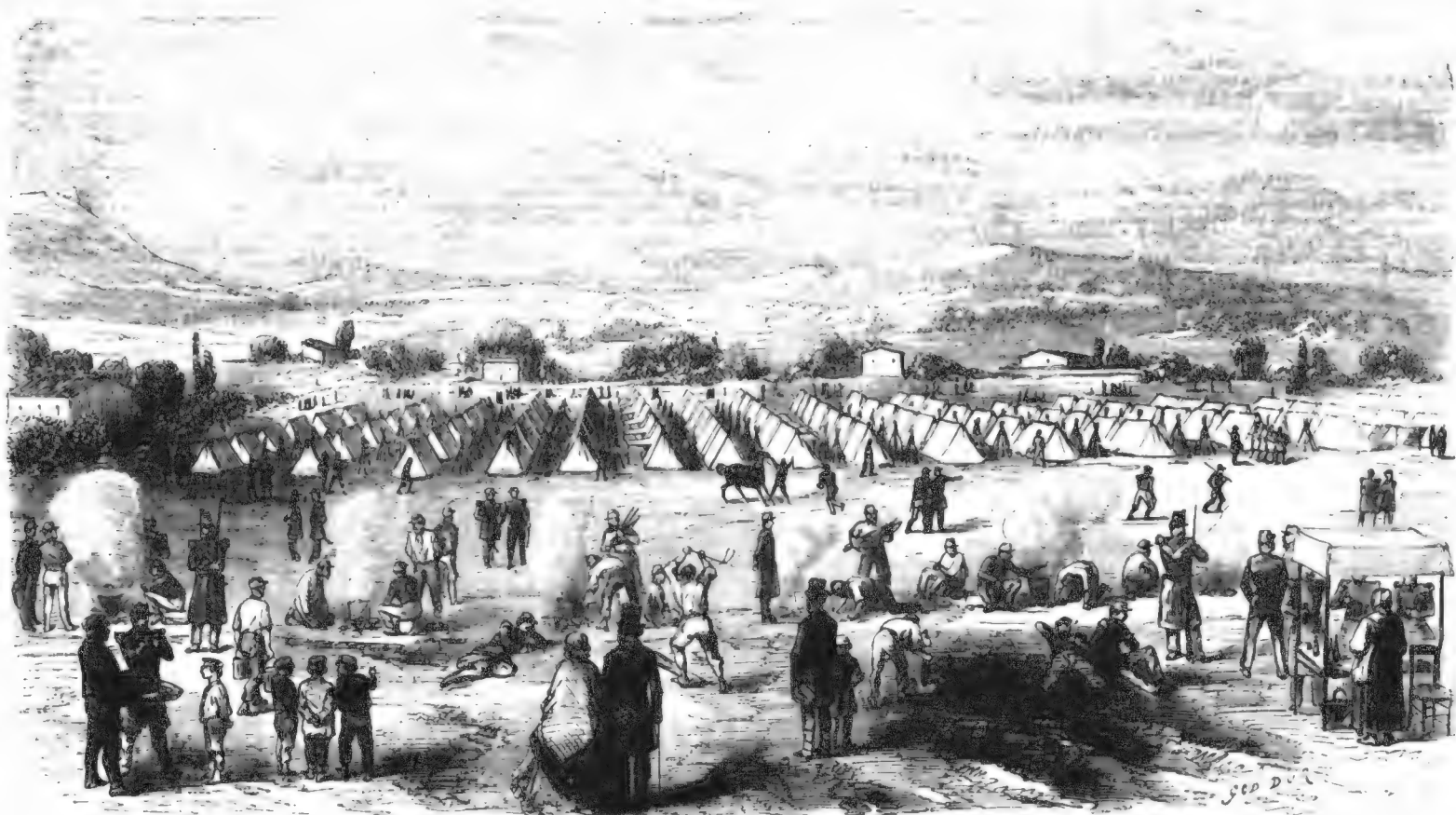
GREENWICH.

A SOUTH CAROLINA NEGRO IN A POLICE COURT.—NOVEL PUNISHMENT.—A man of colour, giving the name of George Williams, two years in England, from South Carolina, was charged with being drunk and creating a disturbance between four and five o'clock on the previous afternoon in King-street, Deptford. The charge was proved. Mr. Traill (to the prisoner): This is a serious charge against you. What have you to say to threatening to stab people? The prisoner: Na, massa, me never did so—me not drunk at all—never drunk. (Laughter.) Mr. Traill: Was he drunk? The constable: Very drunk, indeed, your worship. He had been turned out of a public-house. Inspector Ellis: And I saw him drunk on Wednesday afternoon in Deptford Broadway. Mr. Traill: Well, prisoner, here is a double charge of drunkenness. (Laughter.) The prisoner: De police make great mistake, massa; me was not drunk—never do get drunk. (Roars of laughter.) Me was showing dese ere books (at the same time producing a bundle of illustrated pamphlets). Mr. Traill: Well, what are they all about? One of the pamphlets was here handed to his worship, who, having scanned it, asked the prisoner if he could read. The prisoner: Yes, sare, me can read leetle. Mr. Traill: There is a very interesting story, and one you might derive great benefit from reading. It is "John Tomkins, the Dram Drinker, and What Became of Him," just your case. (Laughter.) The prisoner: You let me go, I read it! (Roars of laughter.) Mr. Traill: And it's illustrated, too! Here we have a picture you may study with advantage, showing "What a vagabond poor John Tomkins became!" The whole court here became convulsed with laughter, when Mr. Traill told the prisoner he would take his promise to read the story in question, and ordered his discharge.

MIDDLESEX SESSIONS.

A BLUEBERRY GARROTTER.—James Harwood, a rough-looking fellow, 18, described as a labourer, was indicted for stealing a silver watch and a gold chain, value £8, from the person of Henry Schoet, a mariner. It appeared that the prisoner and other persons had attacked the prosecutor, who is a master mariner, in the neighbourhood of St. George's-in-the-East, the prisoner throwing his arm round the prosecutor's neck, while the other persons, who got away, stole the watch and chain. It did not appear that beyond that any further violence was offered to the prosecutor. The evidence was conclusive in the case, and the jury, after a short deliberation, returned a verdict of "Guilty," but wished to recommend the prisoner to mercy, as it might have been his first offence. The learned judge said the jury did not know all, and several police-constables were called who proved former convictions against the prisoner, and his being an associate of thieves. The learned judge said that if great violence had been proved he should have sentenced the prisoner to penal servitude for a lengthened period. Sentenced to three years' penal servitude. The blubbery conduct of the prisoner in receiving his sentence was of the most comical and ludicrous character.

A PIG IN COURT.—Henry Lewis, described as a labourer, was charged with stealing a sow pig, value £1 10s., the property of Robert Glenzie, of Hatton, Middlesex, cattle salesman. Mr. Daly prosecuted; and Mr. Ribton defended the prisoner. It appeared that on the 29th of September last the prosecutor had twenty-nine pigs for sale in the Chequers-yard, Uxbridge. He left them for half an hour, and on his return he missed one of the pigs, and from what he heard he went to the Walmesley Arms beer-shop, about a mile from Uxbridge, and there saw in the yard a pig which he believed to be his. The prisoner was there, and said if prosecutor took possession of the pig, he would summon or bring an action against him, as he had given £1 for it. The defence was that the prisoner had purchased the pig in market overt at Uxbridge. Mr. Ribton made a most humorous speech on the part of the prisoner, and called several witnesses as to character, and one of the magistrates, Mr. Hogarth, bore testimony to the prisoner having always borne a good character for honesty. The jury, after a short consultation, returned a verdict of "Not Guilty." The learned judge cautioned the prisoner as to purchasing pigs in a market, he understood, was waiting outside anxiously watching the result of the case as to who was to be his owner. A police-constable suddenly jumped into the witness-box, and asked the court, amidst renewed laughter, "who was to have the pig?" Mr. Bodkin said he did not sit there to decide such questions. The police gave the pig up to the prosecutor.



ENCAMPMENT OF GENERAL MCLELLAN NEAR SHARPSBURG, MARYLAND. (See page 38.)

MILITARY DISTURBANCES IN EDINBURGH.

On Thursday and Friday evenings the High-street and Canon-gate of Edinburgh were the scene of a series of assaults on the police, committed by soldiers of the 2nd Battalion of the 25th Regiment. The police, it appears, had become obnoxious to the soldiers from having had occasion on Wednesday evening to arrest one of the latter, named Kennedy, who was disorderly, and an attempt was made to rescue the prisoner, which led to a scuffle, in which severe blows were given on both sides. Next morning Kennedy was sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment by the police magistrate. On Thursday night, at eight o'clock, the soldiers, in returning to barracks up the Lawnmarket, committed a series of attacks on individual members of the police force who were perambulating their beats, and in no way, so far as appears, attempting to interfere with them. Two of the police were terribly beaten with belts and sticks, and one of them was rendered for the time incapable of duty. A reinforcement of police being obtained, two soldiers, named New and Holland, were apprehended, after great resistance, owing to which the batons of the police were freely used. The following night the disturbance was renewed by a much larger force and in a much more alarming manner. The soldiers, some if not most of whom had been drinking in the public-houses of the Canon-gate, began to appear in the streets about five o'clock, and, as if by preconcert, moved down in small parties towards the palace, where they gathered in great force. They then proceeded up the Canon-gate, and on the way attacked two policemen, one on either side of the street, and one of them had to be taken to an adjoining surgery to get his wounds dressed and to shield him from the fury of his assailants. As the soldiers moved up the street their numbers appeared to

augment, and it was estimated that about seventy or eighty were engaged in the uproar, some armed with sticks, but most of them wielding their belts, which they grasped by the middle, so as to strike with both ends of the buckle. The soldiers seemed to preserve some kind of military order, and to obey the commands of one or two leaders, privates in the regiment. Their conduct had created great alarm among the shopkeepers and the respectable population, though stimulated with the shouts of an attendant rabble. They came up unchecked as far as the police-office, where they attacked the police-constable who was perambulating in front of the office-door, and dragged him about, beating him with belts and sticks. A sortie was now made by a party of five or six detective officers in plain clothes who were on duty in the office, and a serious scuffle took place, in which the detectives, being immensely outnumbered, were beaten back, nearly all of them with severe blows on the head, which they of course retaliated on the soldiery to the best of their power. By this time a considerable number of policemen in uniform had mustered, and they now issued forth and attacked the soldiers with such spirit that, although they still three or four times outnumbered the police, they beat a rapid retreat, leaving five prisoners in the hands of the enemy. The pursuit was continued up the street almost to the Castle gate, but the soldiers, no doubt afraid of further captures, made no attempt to rally. Some hours passed over without any repetition of the dastardly attacks, the streets being patrolled by strong pickets of the 25th, as well as by a party of the police force. About nine o'clock, however, a soldier, said to be one of the picket, threw a stone weighing 3lb. 14oz. at a group of policemen, and struck two of their number. In all, their were nine policemen badly cut on the head, in addition to the two on Thursday. Mr. Dickson, inspector of markets, was also severely

injured in an attempt to relieve the constable attacked at the police-office door. Of the five prisoners made four were detained, and on Saturday morning they were placed at the bar of the police-court along with the rioters of Thursday night. On Saturday the regiment was closely confined to barracks to prevent a repetition of the disturbance. The 2d battalion of the 25th has only been three years embodied, and consists most exclusively of young soldiers. Hitherto the battalion has been well-behaved.

A NEW REMEDY FOR SMALL-POX.—The *Saracenia purpurea*, or Indian Cup, a native plant of Nova Scotia, which we mentioned some time ago as being the specific used by the Indians against the small-pox, bids fair to realize the expectations entertained by medical men of its efficacy. In a letter addressed to the *American Medical Times*, Dr. Frederic W. Morris, President Physician of the Halifax Visiting Dispensary, states that this *saracenia*, a papaveraceous plant, will cure small-pox in all its forms within twelve hours after the patient has taken the decoction. However alarming and numerous the eruptions, he says, or confluent and frightful they may be, the peculiar action of the medicine is such that very seldom is a scar left to tell the story of the disease. If either vaccine or variolous matter is washed with the infusion of the *saracenia*, they are deprived of their contagious properties. So mild is the medicine to the taste, that it may be largely mixed with tea and coffee and given to connoisseurs in these beverages to drink without their being aware of the admixture. The medicine has been successfully tried in the hospitals of Nova Scotia, and its use will be continued.



VIEW OF WESTMINSTER, BRITISH COLUMBIA. (See page 39.)

MR. SAMUEL PHELPS.

In our theatrical column will be found a notice of the above gentleman's re-appearance at Sadler's Wells. And as a slight memoir of this actor's career will be of interest, as an accompaniment to the portrait, we append the following:—

Mr. Samuel Phelps first drew breath in the sea-port town of Devonport, where his parents carried on a highly respectable business in the wine trade, in the year 1806. At the usual age he was sent with his brother to receive the rudiments of education at the academy of Dr. Samuel Reece, at Saltash, in Cornwall. Like most younger sons he was destined for a trade or profession, and was subsequently apprenticed to a printer in the neighbourhood of his birth-place. Picking up type, however, was a process too mechanical for the ardent mind of young Phelps, who manifested an early predilection for the stage, and consequently found a more agreeable relief in visions of future greatness, and in studying the pages of Shakspeare, and whatever miscellaneous dramatic literature fell in his way. Indeed, so great became the "witching influence" of our great dramatists over him, that it took full possession of his thoughts, sleeping and waking, ultimately inducing him to hazard the bold resolve of renouncing the "slavery of the galley," to "strut and fret his hour" on the stage. At the "witching hour of night" he stealthily visited the theatre, and eagerly imbibed the "rich nectar" which fell from the honeyed tongues of the players.

Previous to the expiration of his apprenticeship, he came to London, where he found employment at the business for which he had thus early contracted a distaste, on the *Star* and other newspapers. While thus "picking up" his daily bread, he contrived to find sufficient spare time to indulge the private theatrical lovers of Islington with a taste of his dramatic studies, at the amateur theatre in Rawstone-street, which has since gone the way of all earthly things, and descended to the "tomb of all the Capulets." His success here was sufficient to warrant him in going a step higher, and he ventured to appear and brave the brunt of public scrutiny (as an amateur) at the Olympic, for "one night only," in the character of *Count de Vamon*. Our hero's appearance at the Olympic Theatre decided his future hopes and profession. Mr. Phelps now entered on many provincial engagements, which he fulfilled with great success.

The 28th of August, 1837, was the



MR. SAMUEL PHELPS.

eventful night fixed upon for the first London effort of Mr. Phelps. *Stylock* was the part chosen. He played it, and established himself at once as a great acquisition to the modern stage.

It happened that Mr. Greenwood, a gentleman to whom the stage and its votaries have been much indebted, became the lessee of Sadler's Wells, about the time when Macready's experimental effort to restore the drama to its proper eminence was in course of trial some years ago. As a shrewd and thoughtful observer of the current in which popular taste was flowing, Mr. Greenwood felt anxious to obtain a coadjutor who would assist him in his views, and carry out the principle he contemplated to its fullest extent. Never was there a more happy instance of sound judgment than that which directed his steps to Mr. Phelps, who had already proved his fitness for the task by the excellence and variety of his impersonations, and who was, besides, richly endowed with all the attributes that belong to a scholar and a gentleman. Thus associated in the management, Mr. Greenwood zealously improving the arrangements before the curtain, whilst Mr. Phelps was industriously promoting reform behind it, a new era in our theatrical history commenced; and without any preliminary puffing, without trumpeting forth to the public high-sounding promises of any description, Sadler's Wells opened under the new direction, and, at once, quietly but effectually took its position in the first rank of our metropolitan theatres.

OSTENTATIOUS HUMILITY.—There is a vast sight of it in the world. Under many a cloak of professed humility, lurks the restless heart of intensest vanity and pride. The anecdote of the self-accuser in the conference meeting, whose charges of hypocrisy and wickedness against himself were answered by a brother with "Amen! that's so," and who thereupon retorted, "Slanderer! I am as good as you," illustrates the spirit of much showy humility. It is a sham humility, taken on for effect, and to glorify one's self. True humility makes no display nor vaunt. If it leaves the world for a cloister, it doesn't advertise the fact. If it be a part of sincere repentance, it prefers acts to words to show it. All great and noble souls are humble. No such soul blazons its humility. These professed humble ones—these humilitarians, to coin a phrase, are just the proudest of human beings. You couldn't wound them worse, or insult them more, than to take them at their professions.

Literature.

A COMPLETE STORY.
NORA BOYLE.

"It was a winter evening, and fast came down the snow,
And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blast did blow."

THERE was snow enough to mottle the tempestuous darkness, but it melted into rain ere it had broken the black monotony of the ground. On all the dreary upland of Derrimallon Moor there was neither human habitation, house, nor tree. One gaunt pillar stone, a solitary monument of unknown times, was all that rose upon the bare expanse to break the rush of the blast, and the sweeping current did surge against and pour over it like the waters of a headlong river. The only shelter obtainable within sight was that afforded by its base, and some seemingly belated traveller, or houseless outcast, had taken its protection; for there sat at its foot a figure wrapped and gathered up in the folds of a long mantle, but so motionless that, save for an occasional movement of the head to cast a glance past its shielding side into the stormy weather beyond, she—for, alas! it was a female form—might have been supposed either numbed into insensibility by the cold, or fast asleep. The storm continued; she kept her comfortable position, her head sunk upon her bosom, and the dark mantle drawn so close around her, that her figure was soon scarcely distinguishable from the dark ground where she sat. A most forlorn half-hour had passed, and no other human being appeared upon the scene. The watcher had sunk her head lower and lower, and had drawn herself closer and closer to the rugged shelter, for the gale had now swelled into a storm, that raved over the bleak desert till yellow tufts of the last year's grass, and bushy wisps of the straw and heather rolled before it in a whirling drift that emulated the driving tumult of the sky. At length, upon the faintly marked pathway that crossed the moor within a stone's throw of the pillar, there emerged from the darkness a single horseman—his cloak, and the mane of the strong animal he rode, streaming straight out into the blast, and his back and shoulders crusted white with snow. He drew up from the gallop at which he had approached, and, as he slowly rode past the spot described, cast round an anxious but disappointed glance, then turning from the horse track, directed his course over the open moor, and twice made the whole circuit of the pillar before he at last rode up to it and dismounted. It was only as he leaped to the ground that he at length observed the presence of the other.

"Ha, my true girl!" he exclaimed, in a voice of joyful surprise, as he cast his reins over the

top of the grey stone, "I feared this wild weather had marred our meeting—it has been a cold trying-place for you, Nora, and I have kept you waiting, but I could not come sooner, and when I did come, I could not see you for this blinding sleet. Have you brought the child?" There was no answer; he stooped and drew the cloak from her face: "Ho, Nora, awaken! how can you sleep on such a night as this? 'Tis I, Nora—rouse yourself."

"Oh, Richard," replied a feeble voice, as the benumbed being awoke from her stupor—"oh, Richard, are you come at last? I thought I was doomed to die at the foot of this cold stone. God and my own chilled heart only know what I have this night suffered for your sake."

Her words, half inarticulate from weakness, were almost inaudible from the violence of the wind, but their faintness made her wretched plight sufficiently understood.

"Get up, Nora dear," said her companion, bending over her, and extending his cloak between her and the blast, while he urged her to rise. "You will perish, Nora, if you sit longer here," he said. "I have a pillow for you behind my saddle; we can be in Banagher before an hour."

"In Banagher!" she exclaimed; "and shall we not first go to Inisbeg chapel?"

"Yes, yes," he replied, hastily; "certainly we shall. I had forgotten."

"Oh, Richard," she cried, taking his hand, "you would not—you surely would not deceive me?"

"Do I live?—do I breathe?" he exclaimed; but the tone in which he spoke was too extravagant to be real. "But, Nora," he added quickly, in a low and eager whisper, "have you brought the child?"

"Alas! poor infant," she replied, "he is here in my arms. I would to God I were free of the sin of bringing him out this bitter night! Baby, baby," she passionately added, addressing her covered and apparently sleeping burden, "I have stolen you to-night from your lawful mother, but it was to gain a lawful father for my own. Oh, Richard, shall we not be kind to him when we are the happy couple that you promise this night's theft shall make us?"

"We will, we will, Nora; but waste no more time; rise and let us go." He aided her to rise slowly and painfully, and placing his arm round her waist, supported her, while she began to lap the infant closer in its muffings. Suddenly she started, and drew in her breath with the quick sob of terrified alarm. "What is the matter?" cried her supporter.

"Oh, nothing—I hope, I trust in God, nothing!" she replied, sighing convulsively, and trembling, as with a shaking and hurried hand she undid the wrappers in which the infant lay; but when she had bared his neck, and once pressed her

cheek to its face, and her hand to its little feet, she fell from his arms to the ground with one long cry and fainted.

"What is the meaning of all this?" cried the man, in a voice of rough impatience and veneration, as he stooped down and raised her on his knee. Her head sank back upon his arm, and the child rolled from her relaxed grasp. He grasped it roughly as it fell, bent down, and gazed upon its still features, and laughed horribly. "Ah, ha!" he muttered, "here is a speedy consummation. No more need for plotting and planning now; no more need for coaxing and quieting the scrupulous fool after this. Ha, ha, Sir Richard Morton, I wish you joy!"

But consciousness was now returning to the wretched girl; she heaved a deep sigh, and raised her hands to her forehead. "Nurse, bring me the baby. Oh, gracious God, what is this? Richard—Richard, where am I? Is this the Brehon's pillar?—and the infant—is he—oh, is he so numbed?"

"Numbed!" repeated Morton, in a voice of ill-subdued triumph; "he is numbed to death, I think."

"No, no, no!" she exclaimed, frantically tearing away the kerchief from her bosom, and snatching the motionless body from the ground, where it had fallen like a clod out of the hands of the exulting villain to press it ineffectually against her chilled and terrified heart.

"Oh, no, no! he is not dead—he is not dead!" she cried; "or I am the most accursed of women!"

—and starting to her feet, she rushed wildly into the storm. The storm caught her like a withered leaf in autumn, and upon the wings of the wind, and in the frenzy of despair, she flitted before her astonished pursuer, for Morton had followed on the instant; yet although he ran swiftly, impelled by anger and apprehension, he had left both horse and pillar far out of sight before he overtook, and at length arrested her. "Touch me not, Richard!" she exclaimed; "touch me not, for I am a wretch that would pollute the hangman. Oh, God! send the storm to sweep me to the river, or the snow to bury me where I stand, for I have taken the life of that innocent babe, and am not fit to live!"

Amid her passionate lamentations the voice of Morton was hardly heard; but when her tears and sobs at length choked their utterance, he said to her, as she sank exhausted in his arms, "Cease your useless complaints, and hear me. What is done cannot be undone; but listen to me, and, even as it is, I will show you how to make it better for us both. Do you hear what I say to you, Nora Boyle?"

"Richard, Richard, do you know what I have done?" she sobbed, in reply.

"I'll tell you what," cried he, sternly, "you have done me better service than you ever did before. You have done the very thing I wanted."

"My brain is bewildered and burning," she

said, "and I hardly comprehend what you would tell me. Service, did you say? Alas! I can do you no service, Richard. I would to God I were dead!"

"I did not ask you to do more service," cried he; "I told you you had done enough already. The stealing of their heir, I tell you, was of no use without this; and this would have been done sooner or later. Why, what a simpleton you were, to think that I would succeed to these estates, till a jury had been shown that the next heir was dead! I was jesting with you when I said that I would rear him in France."

Consciousness of something dreadfully sinful in her companion seemed to have been gradually forcing itself upon the reluctant mind of the miserable girl; she had shrunk partially from his embrace at the first faint suspicion, but now she sprang from his side with the energy of entire horror.

"Jesting! jesting!" she exclaimed; "and your promise that you would marry me—oh! blessed Virgin! was that jesting also?"

"Perverse and provoking fool," he cried furiously, and grasped her by the arm, "dare you reproach me with falsehood when the guilt of murder is on your own soul? What would you do? Would you rush into Lady Morton's chamber with her dead child in your arms, and tell her that you come to be hanged? Would you go mad, and rave to the tempest here, till you sink upon the common, and become like what you carry?"

"Oh! that I were;—oh! would to God that I were!" she exclaimed, with a fresh burst of passionate weeping.

"Well, well," said he, "be calm; be calm, I entreat you now, and listen to me."

He set his back doggedly against the blast, and again drew her to his side, where, under the shelter of his cloak, he said, in a strong whisper—

"You can save us both if you will, Nora. Go down to Mount Morton; I will see you safe to the door. Steal in as you came out. Dry the wet from the child's hair, and the marks of the soil from his night-dress, and lay him as you found him, in his cradle. The draught you gave the nurse secures you from interruption. Then go to your own bed; but you must hang your wet clothes to dry, and throw your shoes into the river out of your window. They will all say in the morning that the child died a natural death over night. Come—for all at once, as he was speaking, she had clasped her hands closer over her breast, where the infant still lay, and with a deep and fluttering inspiration had made a motion of assent, in the direction of the house.—"Come, there is a good girl. Did I not say well, Nora? Why, you are a woman of spirit, after all. I was wrong to quarrel with you. This was no fault of yours. You could not tell how cold it would be;

never blame yourself then. By my honour I will marry you yet, if you only do this thing well;—but why do you not speak, Nora?"

"Make haste—make haste!" in a voice of forced and tremulous calmness, was all she made.

"Yes, let us hurry on," he answered; "the sooner it is done the better. But I cannot take you with me to-night, Nora; you are aware of that. You must stay to avoid suspicion. And mark me, be not too eager in the morning to take the alarm; and when you have to look at it along with the rest—"

But let us not pollute our pages with the minutiae of deliberate villainy which, in the pauses of the wind, he ceased not to pour into the ears of Nora Boyle, till they had passed the farthest skirts of the declining moon, and were arrived beneath an arch of tossing and leafless branches. Through this the blast shrieked so loud and shrilly, that neither heard the other till they stood before an antique and extensive building at its farther end.

"Now, Nora," whispered Morton, as they advanced to a low door in the thickly-ivied wall, "remember what I have told you; I will see you to-morrow; till then, give me a kiss—"

But she had hurried in through the unfastened postern, and he heard the bolts shoot and the chains fall on the inside ere the unhallowed words had passed his lips.

"She cannot mean to play me false," he muttered; "she cannot do but as I have desired. She has no choice. Yet I will not trust her. I will round to her window, and see to it myself."

So saying, he turned from the door, and dived into the thick shrubbery that skirted the courtyard in front.

Mount-Morton House was built on the precipitous bank of a torrent that poured the collected waters of its course into the Shannon, sometimes in a tiny cascade that was hardly visible, trickling down the face of its steep channel, and sometimes, as on this occasion, in a thundering waterfall that shook the trees upon its sides, and drove the beaten flood in a tumultuous repulse far over its level banks beyond. The rear walls of the building rose almost from the verge of the rock; and any ledge that their regular foundation had left, was inaccessible except from below.

Morton descended the steep and wooded bank till he arrived at the water's edge, which was now risen so high, that in some places there was barely footing between it and the overhanging precipice. The jagged and confused masses of rock that usually obstructed the course of the howling brook were now covered by a deep river that poured its silent weight of water from bank to bank untroubled, save here and there where a sullen gurgle told that some overhanging branch or twisted root was struggling ineffectually with its swift oppressor. Every stock and stone, from the spot where he stood to the window of Nora Boyle, was known—alas! too well known—to Richard Morton; yet he paused and shuddered when he looked at the drifting tempest and black precipice above him, and at the swelling inundation at his feet. Bound upon whatever errand of sin, he might have clambered up the ragged pathway before, yet his hand had never trembled as it grasped branch or tendrill, and his knee had ever been firm above the narrowest footing; but whether it was the increased danger of the ascent on such a night, or the tremendous consciousness of what that perilous ascent was undertaken for, that now unmanned him, he stood in nerveless trepidation, his hand laid upon the first hold he had to take, and his foot placed in its first step up the sheer face of the crag, motionless, till suddenly a strong light flashed successively from the three loopholes of the hall, and after disappearing for a moment, streamed again with a strong and steady lustre from the well-known window of his parour. He started from his trance, and flung himself to the next ledge at a bound; thence toiling upward, now swinging from branch to branch, now clambering from crag to crag, sometimes hanging from the one hand, sometimes from the other, panting and exhausted he at length gained the projection beneath Nora's window. He caught the sill, and raising himself slowly, looked into the apartment. A light burned on the high mantel-piece, and a low fire was gathering into flame below. On the floor knelt Nora Boyle, and before her, wrapped in blankets, lay the discoloured body of the frozen child.

"Nora," cried Morton, in a strong whisper, "what are you doing? You will ruin all. Put him in his cradle, and get to bed."

She raised her head with a strong shudder. "Villain, I defy you!" she cried, and bent down again—it was to chafe the little limbs with both hands.

"Villain!—villain!" repeated Morton; "are you mad? Do you know what you say? Open the window, and I will show you what to do myself."

Her long hair, glistening with rain, had fallen down dishevelled over her hands; she threw back her head to part it over her brow, and bind up the wet locks behind; and, as with unconscious violence, she drew the dark and glossy bands till the water streamed from their hard knot, cast one glance of exulting abhorrence at the window, and cried again, "Villain, I defy you! The body is not dead!"

"It is a lie!" cried Morton, furiously, but his heart misgave him as he uttered the words; and the chance of losing all by that unforeseen possibility, smote upon his soul with sickening suddenness. "No, no, Nora," he cried, "you are deceived. It cannot be. The body is as cold as a stone. You will be hanged for his murder if you go on, Nora!" for she did not seem to hear him, bending with her face to the infant's, and constantly chafing with both her hands—"Nora, give it up and save yourself. Put him in the cradle. I will marry you—I will, by all that is sacred, if you do! I will make you Lady Morton, by heaven I will, before to-morrow morning if you give it up. Nora! wretch! hear me, I will not be trifled with. Open the window or I will break it in," and he shook the stancheons furiously, but she heard him not.

"Oh, Blessed Mother, if ever I prayed to you with a pure heart, make my hands warm now," she cried, for the livid purple—as already changing upon the little limbs—"Baby, dear baby!" she sobbed, with bursting tears of joy, "are you coming at last to save me? Oh, open your blue eyes! smile upon me!—bless me for ever with one breath! Oh, gracious God, I bless Thee! his eyes are opening!" and she fell by the re-animated infant's side, swooning again; but from the excess of feelings, oh, how different from those which had stricken her down, a conscious and despairing sinner, at the foot of the cold stone on Dirrimallon Moor.

Nora Boyle returned slowly and painfully to consciousness. The images of life's bright dawning in the eyes of the little one, and of the savage scowl that had glared upon her through the window, as the baffled villain saw his last dark hope dispelled, still floated before her confused senses, but she remembered nothing distinctly. Something was moving, twining, warm, among the long tresses on her neck. Oh, blessed touch! it was the little hand with its soft busy fingers playing with her curls! She would have clasped the recovered treasure to her heart, but returning recollection of the wrong she had done him deterred her, and she could only sit and gaze with an awful and reverential wonder upon the miracle of heaven's kindness that lay, moving and smiling, in the now genial glow of the bright hearth before her.

She gazed till the fulness of her heart had almost overcome her once more, but tears at last came struggling up with the imprisoned passion, and poured it forth in long and relieved weeping. But her unburdened heart had hardly expanded again within her bosom, when the thoughts of her own injuries, degradation, and abandonment, and the dreadful reflection that all had been endured for the sake of such a man as Morton, came crowning on her soul, and choked the relieving tears at their source. She covered her face with her hands, as if to hide herself from the innocent being before her, and it was not till she had knelt in long and fervent prayer that she cast a length to look upon or touch him. At last she arose, and, giving him one timid caress, lifted her sweet burden again, and bore him with steps that seemed, unsteady as they were, to tread on air, to his own empty cradle by the bedside of the still sleeping nurse. She placed him softly in his little nest, and stole to the door—returned—kissed him—she laughed, and stretching out his tiny arms, wound them round her neck. "Oh, blessed baby, let me away," she unconsciously whispered, as she strove gently to disengage herself; but he wreathed the playful embrace still closer and closer. She heard a door open suddenly, and a foot-step on the lobby; then her own name called at the door of her chamber, in a voice of fearful alarm—the voice of Lady Morton, roused from her sick bed by some new calamity. Nora's first impulse was to go, to cast herself at her feet, to confess all, and to implore her pardon; but the shame of that confession seemed so dreadful that she stood in irresolute confusion till her kinswoman entered. Lady Morton was ghastly pale, as well from recent illness as from agitation. "Oh, Nora, are you here? Has the baby been unwell? No, no, you need not lift him now, but call the servants, dear Nora, for I can go no farther," she said, as she sank exhausted on a seat. Nora gazed at her in wild confusion. "Leave the infant with me, Nora," continued Lady Morton, "and go rouse the servants, for I am terrified almost to death. There is some one drowning in the river!" Nora uttered one piercing scream, and rushed towards the window. "You cannot hear it here, Nora," said the lady; "the cry comes from under the black crag. Oh, God, protect me from ever hearing such a sound again!"

Nora clasped her hands tight over her breast to suppress the agony of rising despair, and rushed from the room. Her cries soon raised the household; and in a short time servants were thronging from the front with ropes and lanterns, and scrambling down the steep bank to the water's edge. Nora was the first at the river's brink. All was the moaning of the wind, and the sullen rush of waters. "Lights, lights!" she cried, "bring hither lights, for it is here that the pathway crosses the crag; but I cannot find it."

"Ah, miss," cried old Felix Daly, the butler, as he gained her side with the dull light of his lantern; "the pathway is six feet under water by this; the man is not in Ireland that dare attempt it."

Suddenly Lady Morton's voice was heard from her window above, and there was something wildly earnest in the tones as they swept over their heads upon the wind—"Hold out your lantern farther over the water. I see something in the bend of the river."

The old man bent over the torrent with his arm extended.

"Farther yet," was all they could hear of the lady's next cry.

"I cannot reach farther, my lady," said Daly. "Give me the light," cried Nora. She took the lantern from his hand, and a mass of loose rubbish long straws, grass, and briars, gathered in some upland eddy, came sailing down the river; she cast it with a firm hand on the rude raft it offered. The lantern sunk through the yielding brambles till the light was almost level with the water, but some stronger branch, or firmer texture of the sods and rushes, arrested its farther descent, and, flickering up from the very verge of the stream, it floated away, casting a pale, yellow light around, that showed the naked rocks with their waving crown of woods on either hand, and the brown twisted torrent between, like the back of a great serpent, writhing and rushing down the glen. It disappeared behind the black crag, and in breathless suspense they listened for the next cry from above. First came a scream sounding shrilly over all, and then they could distinguish the exclamations—

"I see it now! alas! It is a man. He is caught upon a branch, and the water breaks over him. His hands and feet are swept out in the torrent. The light is sinking—it flickers on his face. Merciful heaven, it is my cousin Richard!"

While Felix Daly listened to these words which came fitfully on his shuddering ears from above, he also heard a low voice by his side say, "God have mercy on my soul!" and at the same instant beheld Nora Boyle plunge forward into the stream. He seized her dress and shouted for assistance. The river struggled hard to hold its prey, and drew him after till he stood to his knees in the flood. Another step would have precipitated both into an irresistible weight of water beyond, for they stood on an overhanging bank covered by the stream; but timely help arrived, and both were dragged from the reluctant torrent. They drew them out upon the bank, the old man weak as an infant, the wretched girl quite insensible. They bore her to the house; they laid her in warm blankets—they chafed, and at length revived her, even as she had revived the murdered infant an hour before; but when at last she opened her eyes, alas! there was no dawning of intelligence there. She raved all night in utter delirium. Lady Morton sat by her bedside, listening in horror and amazement to the revelations of her madness. First, she gathered that her child had been carried out, she could not find for what purpose; then she heard that he had been (as the miserable being expressed it) dead; and had she not held him even then breathing and moving in her own arms, she would have run to his cradle to satisfy herself that it was not a chattering. But her fear and amazement turned to horror almost insupportable, when at length Nora's involuntary confession disclosed her seducer's motive in making that theft the condition of their promised marriage, and that horror was again lost in gratitude and wonder, when she heard the exclamation of wild delight with which Nora acted over again the scene of her child's resuscitation; and, finally, she left her bedside at daybreak, worn out with mingled emotions of joy and sorrow.

With the earliest light of dawn, the domestics were again by the river side. Its shrunk waters now yielded them a path to the spot where the body of Morton had been seen at night. Body there was none; but on the branch that had arrested it there still remained a ragged piece of cloth fluttering over the turbid stream, which now flowed many feet below that last and only remnant ever discovered of the miserable man. His horse was found dead, laid in a morass, near the pillar, girths and bridle broken. He had burst from his confinement, and foundered in the storm. Reason returned to Nora Boyle, but life was fast departing. Her kinswoman had given her her full forgiveness, and the last rites of her church had been administered. "Wilt thou too forgive me, dear child?" she said to the baby on his mother's breast. The boy stretched out his arms, she clasped him with a feeble embrace, and breathed her last in a blessing on his lips.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

It was a cold winter evening. The chill blast came sweeping from the chain of hills that guard one of our northern cities with the cold breath of a thousand leagues of ice and snow. There was a sharp polar glitter in the myriad stars that wheeled on their appointed courses through the dark blue heaven in whose expanse no single cloud was visible. Howling through the icy streets came the strong, wild, north wind, tearing in its fierce frenzy the sail-cloth awnings into tatters, swinging the public-house signs, and shaking the window-shutters, like a bold burglar bent on the perpetration of crime. Then onward, onward it sped over the dark, steel-coloured bay, and out to the wild, wide, open sea, to do battle with the sails of the stanch boats that were struggling towards a haven.

But within, the good people were stoutly waging battle against the common enemy on this bitter Christmas Eve. In some of the old-fashioned houses, inhabited by old-fashioned people, the ruddy light that streamed through the parlour-windows on the street announced that huge fires of oak were blazing on the ample hearths. But in the far greater number of dwellings the less genial but more powerful anthracite was contending with the wintry elements.

In an upper room of an old, crazy, wooden house, a poor woman, thinly clad, sat sewing beside a rusty, sheet-iron stove, poorly supplied with chips. She had been once eminently hand-ome, and but for the want and hollowness of her face would have appeared so still.

Two little boys, of eight and nine years of age, were warming themselves, or seeking to warm themselves, at the stove before retiring to their little bed in a small room adjoining.

"Isn't this nice, mother?" said the younger, a bright, black-haired boy. "Didn't I get a nice lot of chips to-day?"

"Yes, dearest, you are always a good and industrious boy," said the mother, snatching a moment from her work to imprint a kiss upon his forehead.

"Poor pa will have a nice fire to warm him when he comes home," said the elder boy.

At this allusion to the child's father, the mother burst into tears. The countenances of both the children fell. They knew too well the cause of their mother's bitter sorrow—the same cause had blighted their own young hearts, and clouded their innocent lives—their father was a drunkard! Hence it was that, bright and intelligent as they were, they could not go to school—they were too ragged for that—and their time was required on the wharves to pick up fuel and such scraps of provision as are scattered from the sheaves of the prosperous and prodigal. For this reason, too, the mother had carefully foreborne to remind the children that this was Christmas-eve. But they knew it too well, and they contrasted its gloominess and sorrow with the well-remembered anniversaries when this was a season of delight—the eve of promised pleasures, of feasts, of dances, and of presents. With this thought in their hearts they silently kissed their mother and retired to their little bed, committing themselves to "Our Father who art in heaven," while the poor

mother toiled on, listening with dread for the returning footsteps of her husband.

The husband and father, whose return was thus dreaded, had worked late at night in the shop of a carpenter, who had given him temporary employment, and was to pay him this evening five or six dollars were coming to him, more than he had earned honestly for a long while, and his hand shook with eagerness as his employer counted out his wages. As he put on his hat to leave the shop, he observed his fellow-workmen, who were all sober and steady men, eyeing him with sad, inquiring looks as he almost ran out of the shop.

"I know what they mean," said he to himself. "But what is it to them how I spend my money—the prying busy-bodies? I'm not a slave—I have a right to do what I please with my own. 'How! how cutting the wind is! A glass or two of hot whisky today will be just the thing.'"

Without one thought of his tolling wife and neglected children, the poor, infatuated man hastened towards a gin-shop, with the intention of slaking his morbid thirst. At the moment his foot was on the threshold, out from the belfry of a church, ringing clear in the frosty air, streamed a tide of sweet and solemn music. Simple, yet touching, was the melody of those sacred bells, chiming forth the advent of the blessed Christmas-time. And, as the song of the bells fell upon his ear, it awakened in the drunkard a thousand memories of happier, because better, days. The comfortable dwelling—the quiet, neat parlour, with its Christmas dressing, the sweet face of his wife, the merry laugh of his bright-eyed children—all flashed back vividly upon his mind. I checked not of the bitter blast—he forgot his late purpose—he could wish those sweet bells to play on for ever. But they ceased.

"It was a voice from heaven!" said the man, as the tears rolled down his cheeks. "Surely God has blessed those Christmas chimes. I'll never more drink one drop. This money shall go to my family, every cent of it. It is not too late yet to buy provision for to-morrow, and some comfortable things for the children." It was late that night when the watching wife heard the step of her husband on the staircase. It was as slow and heavy as usual; but how relieved, how astonished, how grateful she felt when the door opened, and he came in, happy, sober, bearing a huge basket filled with provisions, and threw down a parcel containing stockings, comforters, and mittens for the children, not forgetting some simple Christmas wreaths, and some of those condiments which children love.

The next day was a happy one, indeed, for the mother and the little boys—a merry Christmas that reminded them of old times, and gave them assurances of a happy future. May we not hope that the effect we have attributed to the Christmas chimes is not a solitary instance of the power of music?

SATURDAY NIGHT.

The week is past!—its latest ray

Is vanished with the closing day;

And 'tis as far beyond our grasp

As those departed hours to grasp.

As to recall the moment bright

When first creation sprung to light.

The week is past!—it has brought

Some beams of sweet and soothing thought;

If it has left some memory dear

Of heavenly raptures tasted here,

It has not winged its flight in vain,

Although it ne'er return again.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL has consented to allow the Two Shilling Society of Arts' Prize Writing Case to pass through the book-post for four stamps, so that this compact case, of which 150,000 have already been sold, can now be sent to any part of the United Kingdom by sending twenty-eight stamps to the makers and inventors, Parkins and Gatto, 25, Oxford-street, London, to whom the Society of Arts awarded for this case the prize of twenty guineas and their silver medal, for its utility, durability, and cheapness. The case contains writing-paper, envelopes, blotting-book, metal pen case with reserve of pens &c. &c., and is without exception, the cheapest article ever offered to the public.

SAVING.—A man is very apt to deceive himself into an idea that he cannot save, and that it is of no use attempting it. He convinces himself that his income is little enough for present necessities, and puts off the hope of accumulation, if he forms it at all, to that happy period when he shall be in a somewhat better circumstance. His circumstances do, perhaps, improve, but his wants have extended as much, and still the time for saving is far ahead. Thus he goes on and on, resolving and re-resolving, until he is at last surprised by some sudden calamity which deprives him even of his ordinary earnings, or by death, which cruelly cuts him off in the very midst of the best intentions in the world. Did any man, we would ask, ever experience a falling off in his income, even to so small an amount as a dollar in the week? Many answer they have. Did they continue to live at that reduced rate? They reply, We did so—we were compelled to do it. Very well; and pray what is the difference between being compelled to live a dollar-a-week cheaper, and compelling yourself to do it? Or suppose stationary wages and a rising produce market. Did you not find that, though bread rose a penny a loaf, and other provisions in proportion, you still contrived to make your income procure something like the usual exhibition of victuals? You answer yes. And where, I would ask, is the difference between spending a small extra sum upon certain articles of food, and laying it by for accumulation, supposing it not to be so needed? It is clear that, if you had the fortitude and strength of character to make the saving as much a matter of compulsion as the other circumstances are, you would save. You have, therefore, no excuse to present for your not saving, except that you are too weak-minded to abstain from using money in your power.

CULTIVATING
gracefully
pared for
their best
special adv
these with
found out
nature, a g
is a greater
knowledge

GIRLS, B
young men
stranger. I
or industri
faps in the
Ja., with a
stick in his
some thoug
less though
loss of a g
counsel, and
their affect
man is lost
true.

AN INTER
birds, that
upon the m
beautiful h
comb, a tu
erected like
the head
out her ch
the female
assiduous
finest garb
pride, does
pear in th
dressed for
pronounced.

LITTLE I
how every
little child
we would
speech. It
will wonder
which no c
at some cr
a most star
impatient,
second-hand
alas! we so
realize how
servant in
eve y mon
presence.

THE PO
upon us, a
through ou
lovely unfi
and Justice
has a solen
these wrote
own recko
are prostr
of the ev
illuminati
most unde
because

Justice rai
knocking a
and manuf
you may b
of your les
duty, and

Justice rai
knocking a
and manuf
you may b
of your les
duty, and

Justice rai
knocking a
and manuf
you may b
of your les
duty, and

Justice rai
knocking a
and manuf
you may b
of your les
duty, and

Justice rai
knocking a
and manuf
you may b
of your les
duty, and

Justice rai
knocking a
and manuf
you may b
of your les
duty, and

Justice rai
knocking a
and manuf
you may b
of your les
duty, and

Justice rai
knocking a
and manuf
you may b
of your les
duty, and

Justice rai
knocking a
and manuf
you may b
of your les
duty, and

Justice rai
knocking a
and manuf
you may b
of your les
duty, and

Justice rai
knocking a
and manuf
you may b
of your les
duty, and

Justice rai
knocking a
and manuf
you may b
of your les
duty, and

Justice rai
knocking a
and manuf
you may b
of your les
duty, and

SOLID GOLD RING, Hall-marked, 18-carat
engraved with any Crest, 42s.; ditto, very massive, for arm
crest, and motto, 75s. The Hall-mark is the only guarantee for pure
gold. T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner
of St. Martin's-lane), W.C.

CHEDDAR LOAF CHEESE, 6^d. and 7^d.
per lb. Fine ditto ditto, 8^d. per lb. Ripe Stilton, 7^d. to 1s. per lb.
Small Dantzic Tongues, 3s. 6^d. per half dozen. Prime (or ditto)
3s. 3^d. each, or three for 8s. 6^d. Osborne's best-smoked *Backs*

SCHOOLS, Hote s, Bootmakers, &c.—TOPHAM
PATENT BOOT CLEANER, which effects a considerable saving of time and labour, and is extensively used, may be seen in operation at the Exhibition, Eastern Annex, C10, No. 2010, and 31, Bow-lane, Cannon-street, London E.C.

8, KING WILLIAM-STREET, CITY, LONDON.
Present prices, 2s. 6d., 2s. 5d., 2s. 10d., 3s., &c.

Printed (for the Proprietors, GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, of No. 41
St. Paul's Church-yard, London) by J. H. B. & Co., Stationers, 25, Wellington-street.

HER MAJESTY launched in a master shipwright fitted up with opposite the various Government dockyard command. The flag-tendent. The bunting and manned gallies 14th Kent (V board bow and flag at the fore who were ad operation of a been deputized